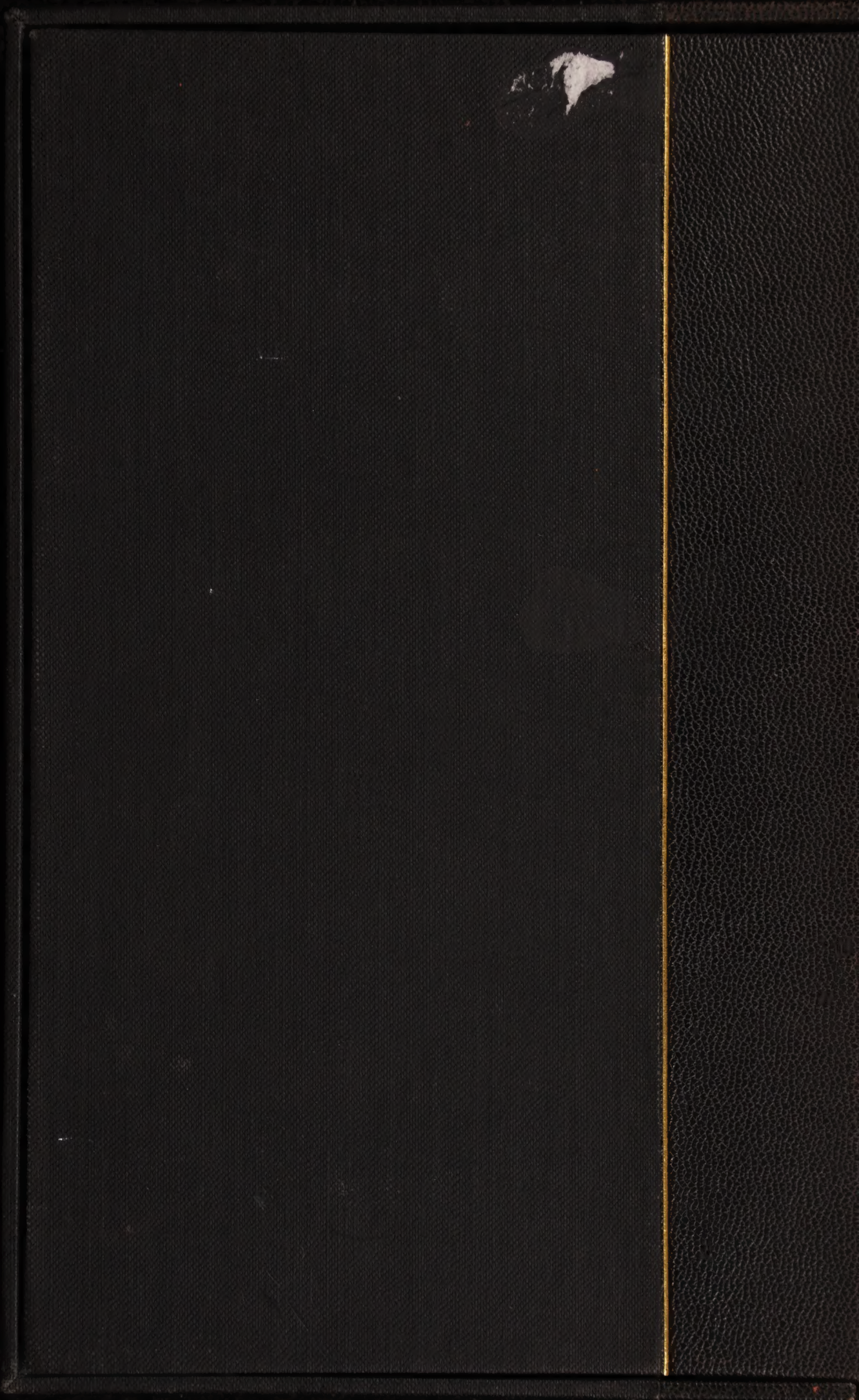


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(JACOB'S) LIFE OF CRESAP ♦ CUMBERLAND 1826







Life
of
Gresap







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LORD BALTIMORE,

namely



THE FOUNDER OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND,

While living, could not be made to believe that in 200 years after his time, there would exist an establishment in the City of Baltimore, called the OLD

MARYLAND CURIOSITY SHOP,

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A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

CAPT. MICHAEL CRESAP.

By John J. Buchanan

CUMBERLAND, MD.

Printed for the Author, by J. M. BUCHANAN.

1826.

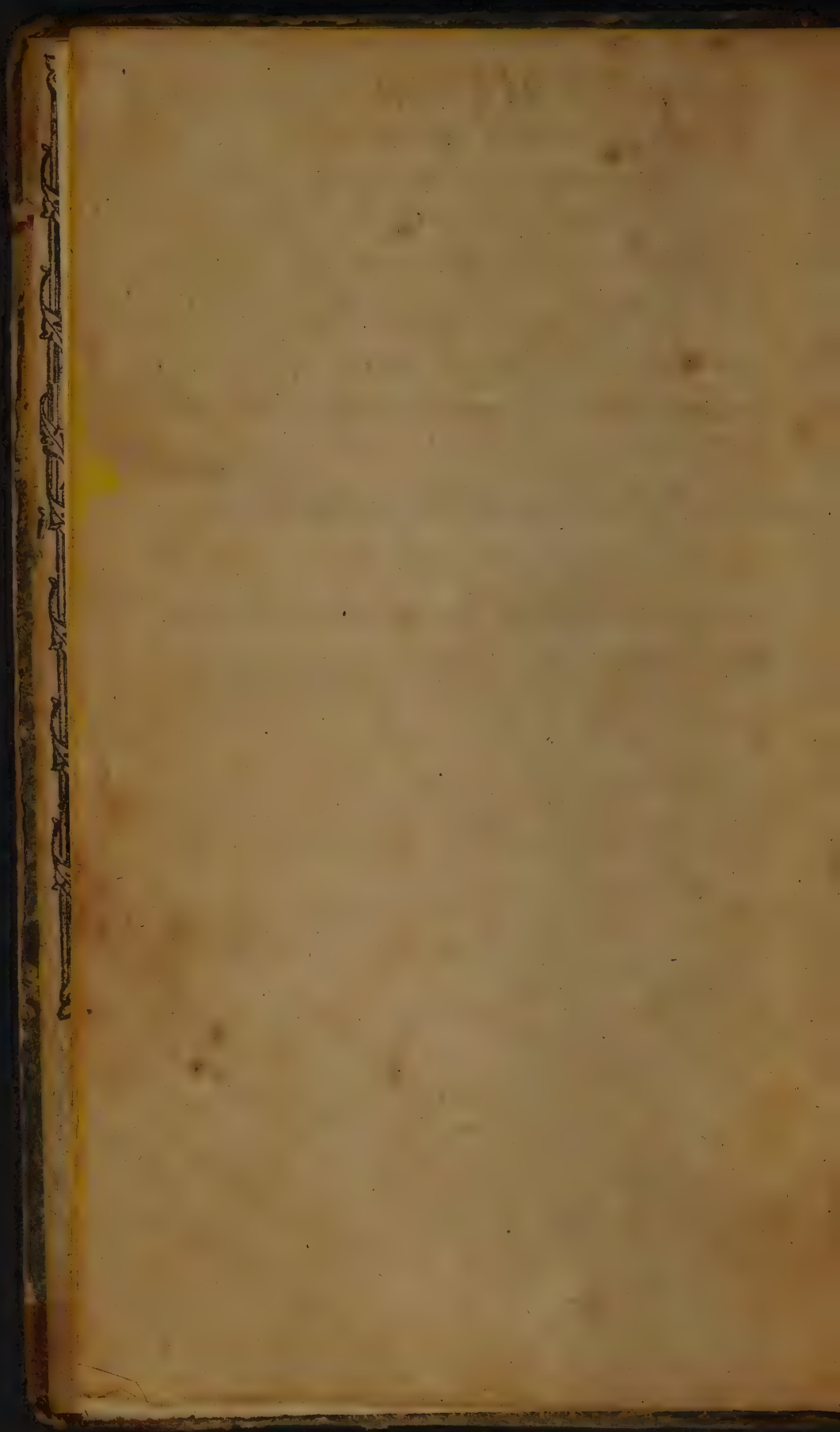


ADVERTISEMENT.

I think it necessary, as the name of Mr. Jefferson is introduced into this work, to inform the reader, that it was finished and sent to the press as early as March last; but from circumstances not within the controul of the author, has remained to this late period silently on the printer's shelves.

The author gives this notice, lest it should be thought ungenerous, if not invidious, to call in question any statement of facts, made by a man now dead, and incapable of making any reply.

September 25, 1826.



TO THE

HON. JOHN E. HOWARD, ESQ.

Late Governor of Maryland,

AND THE REST OF MY COMPATRIOTS AND GREY-HEADED
FELLOW SUFFERERS—THE SURVIVING OFFICERS
OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR :

Gentlemen—From the nature of the subject of the following memoir, as well as from that cordial and sincere affection I feel as a fellow soldier, I take the liberty of dedicating to you the following sheets ; containing a short narrative and defence of the character, of not only a soldier, but a hero.

Accept gentlemen, this first and last, and only pledge in my power of an unceasing friendship ; begotten in youth, strengthened by mutual sufferings, and matured with old age.

It is doubtless an unpleasant reflection, that now in the decline of life, we are placed in such circumstances as to preclude all the endearments connected with social intercourse. We can however, collect our neighbouring youth around us, and fight our battles o'er and o'er again, by our fire sides, and when left alone, like Uncle Toby build Forts with brick bats, and lay sieges with wooden guns and hickory sticks.

And, gentlemen, although I feel no disposition to involve or identify you in a controversy of this kind ; a controversy in which you perhaps, feel but little interest—yet, permit me to observe, that in a national view, it is a controversy in which we are all in some degree involved, because it is not the family of capt. Cresap only, but all the officers of the army, the state of Maryland, and the national character that are at stake, for it will not be forgotten that capt. Cresap was the first captain selected by the state of Maryland in the revolutionary war.

It is then I conceive a poor compliment to the officers of the army, and especially to Maryland, to say, or permit it to be said, that an “*infamous murderer*” was selected as one of her distinguished citizens, by the state of Mary-

land, to fill the most honorable military station in her gift.

If then gentlemen, I am so happy, as to be able to remove this stigma, and expunge all those black spots imputed to capt. Cresap, I certainly render my country a service.

And I sincerely pray gentleman, that you and each of you, may now in the decline of life, enjoy all that felicity, ease, prosperity and happiness, that your services merit, and your age and infirmities require, and may none of us in a dying hour have it to say, from penury and want, what was pathetically the dying dirge of poor old Wolsey, "if" said he, "I had served my God as faithfully as my King, (country) he would not have forsaken me in my last moments."

[A]

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Soon after Mr. Jefferson's celebrated notes were published or rather soon after I became acquainted with them, I conceived the design of refuting the unfounded and unjust charges therein, against my deceased friend capt. Michael Cresap.* Knowing most assuredly from personal acquaintance with the accused, that those charges were not true. But I foresaw, from the celebrity of the author of the notes on Virginia, not only as a man of superior talents, but as standing high, yea pre-eminent in the estimation of his fellow-citizens as a politician.

I foresaw, I say, to call in question the truth of any statement made by such a man, especially by such a pigmy as myself, however, encircled with the shield of truth, would in all probability, be as unavailing and feeble as the efforts of a mosquito to demolish an ox.

Thus perplexed and doubtful what course to pursue, I received an assurance from Luther Martin, Esq. Attorney general of Maryland, who had intermarried with a daughter of capt. Cresap, that he would undertake a defence of his character. This assurance of Mr. Martin, releived my mind—feeling confident as to the result.—knowing him not only to possess superior talents, but occupying a station, and moving in a circle—co-equal in respectability with the Philosopher of Monticello. I therefore without delay, placed in his hands the materials for the work (as they were in my possession.)

Mr. Martin, soon after published in a pamphlet form, the defence of capt. Cresap's character—but it had not the desired effect—first because it was not, nor could in its nature be co-extensive with the notes on Virginia, secondly pamphlets after the first reading are thrown aside—lost, and forgotten.—And permit me to add thirdly, that at the period when Mr. Martin's piece issued from the press—

**Mr. Jefferson, calls him col. Michael Cresap; which mistake trifling as it may appear, yet goes to prove the imperfect acquaintance he had with the man and the character, he handles so freely; it is true there was a col. of this name, but every body knows he was not the man intended.*

politics ran high—party spirit was hot, and Mr. Jefferson's name stood highest amongst his brethren of the great and respectable republican party—it was but too evident that any blemish on the moral fame of such a man, was easily transferable to his political standing, hence it was better upon the whole, some men might think, that Cresap however innocent, should yet remain under censure than that any suspicion as to the perfection of so great a character should rest on the public mind.

Since which period—regardless of truth, honor and justice a great many orators, poets and scriblers have been dashing away at the name, and fame, and character of a man of whom it is presumable they know just about as much as of Kouli Khan or prester John, and who was as much their superior as the noble lion is over the muskrat, all these little folks, I knew would soon sink into the dusky shades of oblivion, and therefore regarded them as squibs of smoke that the wind would carry away.

But a book has lately fallen into my hands, written by the Rev. Doct. Doddridge of Wellsburgh, a man for whom I had hitherto entertained the highest respect, yea warmest friendship, in which book for what cause to me utterly problematical the old sore is irritated and laid open again, not only the old Logan speech is raised from the dead, but a new and hitherto unheard of charge levelled against the character and fame of capt. Cresap.

It therefore now becomes my indispensable and imperative duty (however late,) as the only remaining person, on earth, qualified from personal knowledge to do that justice to the memory of this mistaken and abused character, that I think no other individual can do, and which in fact has been too long delayed.

The piece published some years since, by Mr. Martin, aimed at nothing more than a refutation of the charges brought against capt. Cresap in the celebrated notes on Virginia, to wit: the Logan Speech, and Mr. Jefferson's super-addition, that he (capt. Cresap) "*was infamous for his many Indian murders,*" now however conclusive and satisfactory the facts and arguments, as stated in Mr. Martin's piece, might appear to men of candor, at the time that piece appeared in public, yet it is beleived that at this day scarcely a vestige remains, nor do I know where I should apply successfully for a copy. Hence my plan is different;

I mean in order the more effectually to put to silence forever all his calumniators and adversaries to bring into public view all the life of the late capt. Michael Cresap, deemed necessary, not only to refute the charges against him, but to evince and demonstrate to the world that they have been imposed upon, and greatly deceived in the man.

But my task is difficult, to prove a negative is no easy matter, nor can it be done in any other way, than by producing positive proof, that positive charges cannot be true, and in this case the various circumstances combined with the weight of testimony must decide.

The name and fame of Hector and Achillis, lives only in the poems of Homer, nor would a Phocion or Caius Gracchus have been heard of in succeeding ages without a Plutarch, what a pity, a greater man than either, should have so poor a Biographer.

JOHN J. JACOB.

March 10, 1826.

INTRODUCTION.

It may perhaps be satisfactory to the readers to hear something of the competency, and qualification of the author, for a work of this kind, indeed in my view it is all important. I therefore beg leave to state, that I became an inmate in the family of Capt. Cresap, in my fifteenth year—and soon after, although very young, had the principal charge of his store; and such was his confidence in me, that about one year after, he branched out his goods, and sent me to a stand he had selected in the Allegany mountains, with a small assortment.—The next year to wit: 1774, he sent me still further west, to wit: to the place now called Brownsville, with a pretty large cargo. This whole cargo in consequence of his instructions, I sold to the officers and soldiers in the Virginia service, in Dunmore's war. This store being dissolved, I returned to his family, at his residence in Oldtown, now Allegany county, Maryland. Early in the year 1775, capt. Cresap marched to Boston, with a company of Riflemen, and committed all his intricate and multifarious business to my care. I was then eighteen years old; Dunmore's war being over, the colony of Virginia, (for such she then was) appointed commissioners to settle the expences thereof, to wit: Richard Lee, esq. col. Henry Lee, col. Clapham, col. Blackburn and col. F. Payton—these gentlemen sat at Pittsburg, Redstone Old Fort, and Winchester, at all of which places I attended. The gentlemen composing this board, were remarkably kind, and accommodating to me—they called me young Cresap, and allowed me a table and chair near them, the consequence of which was, that when any of the captains or officers appeared on whom I had claims for capt. Cresap—the commissioners first deducted my claims out of their pay, and gave me a certificate for the amount; and if as it sometimes happened—a dispute arose between these officers and myself—the commissioners would laugh, and I believe invariably decided in my favor. Thus through my persevereing diligence and the accomodating spirit of the commissioners, I obtained for capt. Cresap during his absence draughts on the treasury of Virginia, to a large amount—and was delighted with the prospect of present-

ing him with such a handsome sum of money on his return home, but unhappily for his family, he never did return; my hopes perished—and I felt as an orphan cast upon an unfriendly world, without father, mother or friend. I remained however with the widow and family, until about the 1st July, 1776, when being now 19 years old, I was selected as the ensign to a company of militia, ordered to march to general Washington's camp—these militia when collected together, amounted to about 1500 men, from the state of Maryland, commanded by general Bealle, and were called the Flying Camp—we arrived at Fort Lee, on the west side of the Hudson river, just time enough to see Fort Washington, on the opposite shore, taken by the British, the next day I believe, or very soon after, we retraced our steps, and had a tag-rag race through the Jerseys, with general Howe, and the English army at our heels; and we proved that however the British might be over our match in somethings—yet there was one thing in which we beat them—namely, in running? we reached Philadelphia in safety early in December, and were discharged—but I applied for a commission in the regular army, and was appointed a lieutenant, and remained in the army during five campaigns, to wit: until the winter of 1781. I then retired, as the Maryland line had suffered greatly, and was much reduced in the fatal battle of Camden, in South Carolina.—And I think it was in the summer or autumn of this year, 1781, that I was married to capt. Cresap's widow, with whom I lived near 40 years. Thus it will appear from my intimate acquaintance with capt. Cresap from the year 1772, to his death—from my intermarriage with his widow with whom I lived a great many years—from the circumstance of all his papers, books, and memorandums, falling into my hands, and permit to add from that implicit and unbounded confidence he placed in me—it must be evident to every man, that no part of his public life was or could have been concealed from me—capt. Cresap was naturally cheerful, full of vivacity and very communicative, and I am certain that there was no occurrence, no interesting circumstance, especially in respect to the Indians, but what was detailed to his wife, and often in my presence. Therefore I venture to predict that if any man shall presume to contradict what I shall advance in the following

memoirs of the life of capt. Cresap. He must prove that truth is not truth, or that facts are lies.

And with the readers permission, I will add, that this short narrative of my proceedings, as the clerk or agent of capt. Cresap, with the Virginia commissioners, furnishes strong presumptive proof, that at this period, to wit: in the summer and autumn of the year 1775, no such idea was entertained of capt. Cresap, by the gentlemen, who settled the expences of Dunmore's war—as that he was the murderer of Logan's family, or that he was a man of infamous character, as an Indian murderer, or that he was the cause of the war—I say if these gentlemen had entertained any such idea—I should certainly have heard it from some of them, either at Pittsburg, Redstone or Winchester; but I most solemnly declare that I never did to my knowledge or recollection, hear the least whisper, or smallest intimation of the kind from them, or any other individual; so far from it, that capt. Cresap was treated with the most marked and respectful attention manifested to me who acted as his representative, although only a boy.

CHAPTER, I.

A concise view of the customs, manners, and physical strength of the American Nation at the commencement of the Revolutionary war.

As nearly every circumstance connected with our late revolutionary war, has already become history, it would be superfluous to attempt a detail of facts already recorded. I mean therefore only to make a few remarks, merely with a view to show the perilous state of the nation, when the Hero, whose life, I am endeavoring to pourtray in its real colours, was in its zenith, and actively and almost unremittingly engaged in his country's service.

It is I believe historically a fact that as early as the year 1763, the British government began to frown, and threaten—to stretch out her arbitrary arms and shake them first at her American children, nor did they stop with words and vapouring; but proceeded to pass what was called the Stamp Act, designed it is presumed not only to feel how our pulses beat, but also as an entering wedge to ulterior measures. This law was however so unpopular and met with such resolute and determined opposition that John Bull thought it best at that time, to draw in his horns; (the Stamp Act was repealed in March 1766,) it was not, however, as the sequel has proved an abandonment—but merely suspension of that correction they were preparing for such a refractory and disobedient set of children, and consequently in the years 1773 and 1774 they came to the determination of giving us such a sound drubbing, as to make us mend our manners, or whip us until we did, they now threw away the feelings of a parent and commenced tyrant, and passed several laws, subversive of our liberties, and past endurance. And to cap the climax, declared explicitly that they had the right to bind us in all cases whatever. Their proceedings and this

language were indigestible food to our yankee stomachs we would not swallow it, and the revolutionary war ensued.

I suppose it is with nations, as with individuals, that is to say, while young men continue in their minority they think it no degradation, strictly to conform to the laws and rules of parental authority. But when they arrive at maturity of physical and mental powers—they become restive, impatient and anxious for freedom & emancipation from the Dominion and controul of others—and so it is and so I presume it should be with nations who have understanding and energy sufficient to assert and maintain their rights.

Some nations have been hancuffed, and fettered, until their wrists and ancles have become callous, and they no longer feel their chains. Others, are so effeminate, that so long as they can eat, and drink, and sleep, they care not who suffer, who governs and how the world goes. Others, again are so ignorant, that they neither know nor care for their rights. But to the honor of the American name we have set an example to the world. Sublime in its nature and imperishable in its effects; the intensity of that sacred flame of patriotism, that burnt in the breast of our old congresses, revolutionary armies and nations at large, has not been nor will be extinguished so long as materials remain in our little world to feed the flame—the Southern Hemisphere of this vast continent, so long enveloped in a dark cloud of ignorance and superstition has at length emerged from her long night of abject degradation, and now begins to shine a star in the phalanx of rational liberty.

Living coals and sparks of fire occasionally shed a ray of light in the thick fogg of enslaved Europe. But the sun will rise in due time and the fogg will be dispersed enough of this.

There was one peculiar circumstance in our revolutionary war, that I believe has not been noticed by any historian. I mean that remarkable Providence that restrained and suspended the uplifted arm of vengeance from falling upon us, until we were prepared to meet the stroke, and repel its force, and if we advert to the state of our popula

on, numerical strength, and to our habits, customs and manners at that period; it would seem that there never could have happened a time more propitious, either in respect to the state of our own country, or in reference to the European government; our numerical strength, perhaps, about 500,000 fighting men, or men able to bear arms, was now equal to the power of our enemy, Fettered and cramped as they were at such a distance from the scene of action, or theatre of war.

We were moreover, from habit and manners prepared and fitted for the tented field; our young men were vigorous, athletic and active; inured to fatigue, privations, and plain living from their infancy; they were prepared to suffer more, and complain less, than the dandies of the 18th century, if placed in similar circumstances.

These days of bacon and cabbage, of hominy and pone, milk and mush, of hunting shirts, leggins, and moccasins have passed away, we are now please your honors, a refined polished, polite people.

But still may we not ask, the all-important question, first, if the British nation had struck us somewhat sooner should we have had strength to repel the blow? And if some 30 or 40 years later, are we sure that the nation at such a period under the influence of the British government, and so much older in vice and effeminacy, would have possessed public virtue, patriotism and energy sufficient not only harmoniously and cordially, to unite, but energy sufficient to make effectual resistance?

These questions I know contain problems not now to be solved but they point us to a kind providence, for our deliverance. Our revolutionary war was the womb that gave birth to the nation. And although many historians have recorded the most prominent and important scenes and circumstances connected therewith, yet I do not recollect to have seen any history written by a soldier—none written by a man, who saw and tasted and felt, all the fatigues, privations and sufferings of several campaigns, or of even one campaign during this period that tried men's souls.*

* I believe Col. Lee has given us some account of the Southern army.

To enter minutely into a detail of the sufferings of an American soldier of the revolution, would perhaps, in some cases, almost appear fabulous to the sweet-scented bucks of 1826—we will therefore touch the subject slightly.

It is a fact well known, that the prisoners taken at Fort Washington and York Island, in 1776, were crowded in goals and prison ships, where all suffered severely, and many died. That after Gen. Washington commenced his retreat through the states of New-York and the Jerseys, at the close of this campaign, to wit: about the last of November, many of the soldiers were bare-foot and nearly naked, and it was said that the army might be traced by their blood.

The campaign of 1777 was emphatically the campaign of suffering, fighting and blood. In it was fought the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Saratoga, exclusive of lesser affairs. Two of these battles I was personally engaged in, to wit: Brandywine and Germantown. As to the first, we lay on our arms all night, and slept little if any. We fought, or were in our ranks and stations all day; and the battle ended at night. We then marched in a disorderly manner nearly all night—slept but little if any and eat nothing from the night of the 10th of September until some time in the day of the 12th. The army then marched to a place called Red-clay, where we attempted again to give the British army battle, but such a severe storm of cold rain came upon us, that each army parted by mutual consent; and so severe was the storm, which continued with unabating fury all night, and the night was so dark, that our baggage wagons could not come up to us; and we lay in this storm without tent, or covering, or food, or fire—I saw I believe but one in camp.

On the 3d of October following, we left our camp early in the night, and marched to attack the British in German Town—we arrived and commenced firing at dawn of day, the battle continued with alternate success, until 9 or 10 o'clock. A. M. we then left the field at first in tolerable good order, but loss of sleep and want of food, had so completely unhinged all our bodily and mental powers,

that in spite of all the efforts of the officers, the men were perpetually falling behind, turning into the woods and getting to sleep. Here again we had no opportunity of getting food, until in the night of the 4th, to wit : about 24 hours. At the close of this campaign, gen. Washington built huts or cabins, and went into winter quarters, at a place called Valley Forge; but sent the Maryland line to which I was attached, to take up their winter quarters in Wilmington, on the Delaware river, at this period the Maryland line, and I suppose the army in general, were nearly naked, and the main army, who took up their quarters at Valley Forge, were I believe without a supply of food several days. Fortunately however, the Maryland line fared better, for it so happened that a kind providence sent us a supply from our enemies.

And so remarkable was this circumstance, that it deserves a page in history.

The Maryland line had but just taken possession of the post assigned them for their winter quarters, which lay upon a hill, in view of the river Delaware, on which river the British ships were continually passing up and down; and it so happened that a pretty large Brig loaded with the baggage of the British army got aground near the Pennsylvania shore. This was soon discovered, and a party of men with a six pound field piece or two were sent to take her—this was easily effected, for she could not make any resistance. We found in this Brig, a great quantity of cloathing, for officers and soldiers, rum, wine, tea, coffee, sugar, &c. all of which articles were exactly what we needed. This rendered our situation truly comfortable, and the winter of 1777-8 was the most pleasant we spent during the whole war.

The campaign of 1778 was more agreeable; we were better fed and clothed and had only one battle, i. e. that of Monmouth, in the month of June; and at this time had the pleasure of beating and driving Sir Harry Clinton and his red-coats off the field.

Of the campaign of 1779, I have very little to say, because very little was done, but one remark may go to shew what must have been the poverty and sufferings of the officers especially. Some time towards the conclusion of

this campaign, I took a journey from the Jerseys to Baltimore, at the request of the officers of the regiment, to purchase for them as much cloth as would make each of them a regimental coat, of fine blue: this I effected, after a pretty long search in Baltimore, before I could find any, and for which I paid the merchant £1500 for 15 yards—and this 15 yards was designed to make ten coats, and ten coats it did make.

The campaign of 1780, fell with peculiar severity on the Maryland line, and Delaware regiment always attached to, and almost identified with the Maryland troops, early in the spring of this year. These troops were detached from the grand army, and ordered to the southern department, under the command of general Baron DeKalb, they marched leisurely and in high glee, through Maryland and Virginia, and reached the Carolinas I believe towards the last of July, the intense heat of the weather at this season to a northern people in a southern climate, was extremely unpleasant, yet we had very little sickness and no complaining, we had advanced far into the Southern Carolina, when gen. Gates arrived, perhaps about the 8th or 10th day of August—and took the command in chief—he no sooner got the command, than he moved the army with great rapidity, presuming, I suppose that he would soon Burgoyne the earl of Cornwallis—I believe it was in the evening of the 13th or 14th of August we arrived at Rugely's mill, encamped, and were joined perhaps the next day by the Virginia militia, said to be 2,000, our own numbers of regular effective men, did not I think exceed 1,000—early in the night of the 15th of August, we struck our tents, and marched directly for Camden, to catch Cornwallis napping.—But whether he had any intimation of Gates' design—or whether he had the same design upon him, I know not, but certain it is we met about half way, between the two camps and near about mid-night, the moon shone bright, and the surprize was mutual, we exchanged a few shot, formed the line for battle, and sat down in our places, until day appeared, which no sooner began to dawn, than our morning guns on each side—being well charged, were directed at our enemies, which were immediately followed by an incessant war from the centre to each wing of can-

ion and musketry, it was an open fine woods, with little under growth, and we had no cavalry, and this single circumstance gave the enemy much the advantage—the militia soon fled, but our regular troops under every possible disadvantage flanked on the left, which was now deserted by the militia, and the commander in chief gone, &c. &c.—Yet they maintained their ground until 8 or 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Maryland line at this time, were generally old veteran soldiers—they could and did defend themselves, until so cut up, flanked and surrounded, that it was impossible to sustain the shock any longer, without the loss of the whole army; indeed few were left—not I think more than 250 men, and although we lost the day and most of our army, no blame, nor censure, without the greatest injustice, can attach to the name of any individual officer, or soldier of the Maryland line—never were a braver set of men—no never was a better fought battle; and I am under the impression, that a better disposition of the army, and better generalship, with a few hundred horsemen, would have given us a very different result. The superiority of Cornwallis' army, and the desertion of the militia, to the contrary, notwithstanding, I saw in particular such coolness and personal bravery in general Gist, col. Howard and some others, yea many others—that I am confident upon equal ground, we could have fought, and I think subdued an equal number of the best of the British troops.—But oh! woful day for Maryland and Delaware—how many weeping wives and mothers who can tell—we must have lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners out of our small army, between 7 and 8 hundred men, gen. the Baron DeKalb, and many valuable officers among the slain.

And as every splendid act of heroism, deserves a reward, I think it proper to mention one, that deserves notice, after the battle was over, and of what troops were left, gen. Smallwood, who commanded the rear line, and who had the brunt, and most dreadful part of the battle, collected with the aid of gen. Gist and others, about 150 men, and moved westward—col. Howard who was among the last that left the field, collected also at first about 50 or 60 men, but which increased I believe to 80 or 90, with

this little company he marched towards the south, about 5 or 6 miles, and then steered westward—I was in this party, about 1 o'clock, we halted in the woods to rest—not to eat—for we had nothing of this kind, while laying at this place, a soldier who had escaped from the field of battle, joined us, and said capt. Somerville of the 6th regiment, was wounded badly, and left laying in the field of battle, on hearing this capt. Truman said, if col. Howard would remain where he then lay, and any one individual would go with him, he would go down to the field of battle, and bring off Somerville—to this proposal col. Howard acceded; and one of our party volunteering to go with him, he took a horse, went to the field of battle, found Somerville, and brought him to us in a short time, badly wounded in one arm, which he finally lost by amputation, many more such interesting anecdotes might be mentioned; but my limits and the object I have primarily in view, forbid it.

After this battle, no poor fellows were in a more destitute and suffering condition. The baggage wagons, that was with the army, were all taken, all our cloths were lost, very few of the officers had a second shirt, neither had we food of any kind, we lived on water-melons, peaches, &c. from the night of the 15th of August, to the night of the 17th or 18th, I do not recollect which; and then the party I was with supped upon a cow they killed without bread and a very little salt—and as well as I remember for I was sick and could eat no supper. They proceeded in the following manner, they skined the cow far enough to empty out the intestines, and then cut off ribs and pieces until they reached the skin, and then proceeded to skin farther as they wanted, nor was our situation much bettered until we reached Hillsborough, in North Carolina, a distance I believe, to follow the route we pursued of more than 200 miles; here we halted, collected our scattered forces and made a stand, from this place I was sent to Maryland, as a supernumerary officer; and here I close my few remarks as to the sufferings of the army in the war of our revolution; the narrative is simple, a mere recital of a few facts and incidents, without any effort to embellish, or portray in dark and dismal

colors, the sufferings of a meritorious set of men, most of whom have now sunk into their graves.

Having made these few remarks upon the subject of our revolutionary war, we will with the readers permission, bring into view some other circumstances illustrative of the ground we have taken :—

Namely, that it was a peculiar and kind providence, that brought upon us the war of the revolution, precisely at the period when we were in circumstances—better perhaps than any other to meet and breast the storm, and among other things of this nature—it was not a small one, that the yeomanry, or men in the middle and lower walks of life, especially on or near our frontiers, were the best marks-men in the world.

An anecdote or two will demonstrate this fact ; I recollect when the company by capt. Cresap, lay at Redstone Old Fort, in the time of Dunmore's war, a buzzard came sailing over us at some considerable height, when three men : Daniel Cresap, Joseph Cresap and William Ogle, all raising their rifles, fired at the same instant, the buzzard fell, and they all declared they had killed it ; we examined the buzzard, and found all three of their balls had pierced it.

But a more important fact, and which will not soon be forgotten, was the dreadful havock, made among the Hessians, by col. Rawlings' rifle regiment, at the time Fort Washington and York Island was taken by the British.

Capt. Cresap, also had in his company two men (brothers) of the name of Shain, such unerring marksmen, with their Rifles, that they seldom missed a mark the size of a cent at the distance of 20 or 25 yards, off hand shooting, and as I was among these people, I heard many tales of this close shooting, but I wave them and proceed, and let it not be forgotten that this hardy race of young men, and this state of things. were not only the result of our peculiar habits, and simplicity of manners, but naturally grew out of our wars with the Indians. Our frontier*

* *What was called the frontier was continually changing and diverging westward, so that the habits and feelings, of the people remained the same, many miles eastward, after the frontier was changed.*

inhabitants were always exposed, to a prodatory war with the Indians, not embodied as an army publicly invading our country, but a straggling banditti, attacking individuals and families remote from a dense population. These attacks were often in the night, or just at break of day. Sometimes killing all the family, at other times only a part, to wit: the men and small children, leading the women and elder children captives. But I believe always burning the houses and stealing all the horses.— They were however sometimes deceived, and disappointed: a remarkable instance of which occurred in Kentucky, about the time of its first settlement; five Indians about day break attacked the house of a man (if I recollect right of the name of Chenoweth) Mr. Chenoweth hearing a suspicious noise, about his door sprang from his bed and seized his rifle, but as he was advancing towards his door was shot down by an Indian, his wife immediately took up her husband's gun, and shot the Indian dead, and then picking up an axe, flew to the door, and as the Indians attempted to force their way in, she killed two more with the axe, a fourth jumped on her cabin, and was making his way down the chimney, but she threw an old bed or something of the kind on the fire, smoked him down, and killed him also. The fifth Indian now ran away, and she had leisure to attend to her husband who was not mortally wounded. She dressed his wounds and he finally recovered. I had this story from the man himself; who appeared to be a man of plain manners, and I had no reason to doubt his veracity. But it was many years ago, and I may be mistaken in some particulars in the detail, it is however I believe substantially correct and if so, which of you my fair country women at this day could do likewise.

The story of the two little fellows of the name of Johnson who killed two Indian men, that had taken them prisoners, is of more recent date, and I believe is so generally known that it need not be repeated here.

The reader may perhaps, be of opinion, this chapter has no immediate connexion with the subject matter before us; that it has not that immediate connexion, we allow, but as capt. Cresap was now in his zenith and a conspicu-

ous character at this period and among the first and most valuable officers in the revolutionary war, it was thought a general view, a birds eye gleam at the state of the nation at this period, might tend to illustrate and shed light upon our history, and therefore serve as a proper introduction before we present him personally to public view, and more especially as this war lost him his life.

CHAPTER, II.

THE CRESAP FAMILY.

The author is aware, that a mere catalogue of names, however respectable, must be an insipid and tasteless treat to the reader; but in the present case, it seems so indispensable that if omitted, it would leave a chasm in his book, so all-important as to supercede in a good degree the necessity of this work; because it is evident, that in as much as capt. Cresap is now dead, and so long dead, that if his accusers and enemies had suffered his ashes to rest in peace, time itself, at this late day, would have nearly obliterated the memory of his name.*

But I say, as capt. Cresap is now dead, and beyond the reach of melevolence and calumny—so of course nothing that has been said, or can be said, will, or can effect him personally. But the Cresap family is large, extensive, and respectable, it will not, nor cannot yield the homage of superiority to any family in Virginia, or Maryland, if then those black spots, this stigma upon the name and character of capt. Cresap, was permitted to remain, it must and would affect the whole family through all its various branches to the remotest degree of affinity.—Hence the necessity of presenting to public view, all or most of the names and grades of a family, thus attempted to be exposed to public infamy.

Col. Thomas Cresap, the father of him, who is the subject of this memoir, and the head and founder of the Cresap family, emigrated from Yorkshire, in England, when

**Dr. D. tells us in his preface, that a pious regard for the ashes of ancestors is not without its influence on the morals and piety of their descendants; if this is true, what shall we say of those, who labor to consign those ashes to infamy and abhorrence.*

about 15 years of age; but the dark shades of oblivion rests upon all the intermediate part of his life from this period, until he arrived to the age of about 30—when he married a Miss Johnson, and settled at or near the place now called Havre-de-grass, on the Susquehanna, he was at this time poor, and in providing the necessary articles for house-keeping, got involved in debt to the enormous sum of nine pounds currency—when with a view it is believed to extricate himself from the pressure of this debt, he took a trip to Virginia, got acquainted with and rented a farm from the Washington family, with the intention of removing to that colony. But during his absence, his wife was delivered of her first born son, Daniel, and on his return refused to go with him to Virginia, now however, he might be displeased at this, yet he acquiesced, and after having paid his nine pound debt, removed higher up the Susquehanna, to, or near the place called Wright's Ferry, opposite where the town of Columbia now stands, and obtained a Maryland title for 500 hundred acres of good land—but this unfortunately at that time was disputed territory, and as others set up a claim to this land under a Pennsylvania title, a war called the Conojacular war took place—Cresap espoused the cause of Lord Baltimore with as much zeal and ardour, as the Pennites did that of Mr. Penn—and a battle ensued at a place called Peach Bottom—Cresap's party proves victorious, kept the field, and wounded some of the Pennites. But they soon recruited their army, and besieged the old fellow in his own house, which happened I think to be built with stone. The attack was made in the night, but as the besieged had neither cannon nor battering rams—it was found that the Fort was impregnable. The besiegers finding that in all probability it would be a work of time, built a fire some distance from the house, that they might warm themselves, Council and deliberate—Cresap aware of his perilous situation, put out his son Daniel, now 9 or 10 years old, to warn his neighbors and friends to his assistance, but the assailants discovered and took him prisoner, and kept him with them at their fire—the little fellow however, well nigh played them a trick, for seeing their powder in a handkerchief, he seized and at-

tempted to throw it into the fire, which he certainly would have done, but they saw and prevented it.

The besiegers finding all their efforts unavailing, at length adopted the same plan that col. Lee, devised to take the British, in Mrs. Motts new house in Carolina in our revolutionary war, namely by setting fire to the roof of his house, this had the desired effect, the fort was no longer tenable, and as no terms of capitulation were offered, the col. flew to his door, wounded the sentina who stood there, and made good his retréat to his boat, which pappened to be so fast as not to be loosened in time, and he was surrounded and taken, they tied his hands behind him, and were pushing across the river with their Herculean prisoner watched and guarded by a man on each side; but our old Yorkshire hero, seizing a favorable opportunity, elbowed one of his guard overboard into the river, the night being dark, and the Pennite thinking it was Cresap in the water fell upon him randum tandum with their poles—but poor paddy (for he was an Irishman) not pleased at all at all with this sport, made such lamentable cries, that discovering their mistake, they hoisted him out of his cold bath.

When the guard arrived at Lancaster, with the prisoner, they had him handcuffed with iron, which was no sooner done, than raising both hands together, he gave the smith such a tremendous blow, upon his black pate that it brought him to the ground; and now having their prisoner secure, they marched him in triumph, to the city of Philadelphia, where the streets, windows and doors were crouded with spectators, to view such a monster of a man, but he the more to vindicate them, exclaimed, “why this is the finest city in the state of Maryland.”—And indeed it appears that he really thought so, for I have myself more than once heard him say that if lord Baltimore had attended to his own interest’s, or regarded his own rights his title to the city of Philadelphia, was certainly good, for inasmuch as the charter of the state of Maryland, extended to the 40th degree of North Latitude, it included the whole of that degree, and was not to be limited by the beginning. But to resume our history after the party reached Philadelphia with their prisoner, he was committed to

goal, but for some reasons not recollect, it seems they soon got weary of their guest and wanted him to go home, which he refused to do until liberated I believe by order of the King. During all this time of the col's captivity, Mrs. Cresap, with her children took shelter in an Indian town, on Condorus, near Little York, where they were received and hospitably supported by the Indians, until he returned to his family. Soon after this col. Cresap, removed to Antietam on a valuable farm called the long Meadows now in possession of the Sprigg family; on this farm he built a house of stone over a spring, designed as a fort, because he was on the frontier and in advance of a white population.

He now commenced Indian Trader, and borrowed from Mr. Dulany, £500, to aid him in his business, and having provided a large quantity of skins and furs, he shipped them for England, but fortune still frowned, the ship was taken by the French with all his skins and furs, and once more he was compelled to begin the world anew. In this dilemma he sent for Mr. Dulany, stated his loss and offered him his land, about 1400 acres for the debt. Mr. Dulany, acceded to the proposal, and col. Cresap made another remove to the place now called Old-town, but by himself called Skipton, after the place of his nativity—this place is a few miles above the junction of the North and South branches of the Potomac, on the North fork, and at length became the place of his permanent residence, and here he acquired an immense landed estate on both sides of the River i. e. in Virginia and Maryland, and it was perhaps, about this time or soon after that having renewed his acquaintance with the Washington family, he entered conjointly into an association with two or three gentlemen of this name of whom I think the General was one, col. George Mason, and many other gentlemen in England and America and formed what was called the Ohio company.

This company made the first English settlement at Pittsburgh before Braddocks war, and it was through their means and efforts, that the first path was traced through that vast chain of Mountains, called the Allegany. Col. Cresap, as one of that company, and active agent

thereof in this section of the country, employed an honest and friendly Indian to lay out and mark a road from Cumberland to Pittsburg. This Indian's name was *Nemacolin*, and he did his work so well that general Braddock with his army pursued the same path, which thence forward took the name of Braddock's road, and which does not at this day materially differ from the present great national road.

And there can be no doubt, that the exertions and influence of this company had a strong tendency to accelerate the exploring and settling the Western country. They were in fact, and might truly be said to be the corps of Pioneers, that opened the way to that immense flood of population we now see spreading like a mighty torrent, almost to the Pacific Ocean, and it may not perhaps be amiss at this place—to state a circumstance perfectly in my memory—demonstrative of that energetic and enterprising spirit always so conspicuous in the character of col. Cresap. The circumstance I allude to, is a plan conceived, and digested by the old gentleman, when I believe upwards of 90 years old, it was to explore and examine the country quite to the Western ocean, and it appeared so rational and practicable that if he had been 30 years younger, 'tis probable he would himself have tested its practicability.

But to return, we do not pretend to say, that all those efforts and exertion of the Ohio company were purely disinterested, not so, nor would it be reasonable to expect it.

On the contrary they felt the impulse of a strong excitement from a most powerful motive, namely : self-interest, they had the promise from the King and court of Great Britain of a grant for 500,000 acres of land, on the Ohio, and this land was actually surveyed in 1775, but our revolution prevented the consummation of the title.

But let their motive be what it might, the nation it must be acknowledged, are under obligations to this company, and especially to the bold and enterprising spirit of col. Cresap* for an early knowledge and acquisition

* *I have among my papers a bill paid by col. Cresap, to an old fellow, for digging Sideling Hill, amounting to £25.*

of the country, west of the Allegany mountains—but there is a very material fact not to be forgotten in the annals of our history, to wit: that soon after the settlement made at Pittsburg, under the auspices, and at the expense of the Ohio company, the place was taken possession of by the French, who built a Fort, and which they called Duquesne. This place being considered all-important as well by England as France, soon became a bone of contention, a war ensued, and it cost England two hot headed Scotch generals, Braddock and Grant, I believe the latter was only a colonel, and their armies, many subsequent battles, and much blood and treasure to regain this place, and it is I think possible, that the great battle between Wolfe and Montcalm, on the plains of Abraham, near Quebec, decided the fate of the whole Western country.

This war which is distinguished and known in this country, by the term of *Braddock's war*, places col. Cresap and his family in a perilous situation. The settlers around him were few, and thinly scattered, and the settlement was in fact broken up. Col. Cresap removed his family to Conococheague; but he had to fight his way, for he had advanced but five or six miles on his journey, when he was attacked by some Indians; they were however, soon dispersed and did no injury—after which he proceeded without further molestation.

It appears however, that he himself did not remain an idle spectator of these scenes of blood, and devastation that threatened ruin and desolation to the infant settlements on the heads of the Potomac, &c. he raised a company of Volunteers, and marched to attack his Indian enemies whenever and wherever he might find them, he pursued it seems Braddock's road, not expecting it is probable to meet with the enemy, until he had crossed the mountains; but if so, he was deceived, for he met a small party of Indians just on the west foot of the Savage mountain, a battle ensued and his son Thomas was killed by an Indian; but as both fired at the same time, he also killed the Indian that killed him, or so badly wounded him, that he was killed a few minutes after by William Lynn—

nothing more I believe was done at this time, or place, and the party returned home.

Col. Cresap, however, soon after, got together another company of volunteers, and with his two surviving sons, Daniel and Michael, and a negro of gigantic stature, marched again--taking the same route, to wit, Braddock's road. They advanced at this time as far as the Negro Mountain, where they met a party of Indians—a running fight took place, Cresap's party killed an Indian and the Indians killed the negro, and it was this circumstance, namely, the death of this negro on this mountain, that has immortalized his name by fixing it on this ridge forever.

This was, I believe, col. Cresap's last battle with the Indians, for, after peace was made, he returned to his farm at Old Town; and what I have further to say respecting col. Cresap, will be rather in the disjunctive and desultory way.

The reader has not forgotten, perhaps, that I have already mentioned the name of the Indian Nemacolon, employed by col. Cresap, to lay out the road to Pittsburg. Now so strong was the affection of this Indian for col. Cresap and his family, that he not only spent much of his time with them, but before he finally went away, brought his son George and left him with the family to raise; and, it is a fact within my own knowledge, that this George lived and died in the family.

Again, at the time of col. Cresap's conojacular war with the Pennites, they hired an Indian to go to his house and kill him. The Indian accordingly went to the colonel's house, and continued lounging about several days, reluctant savage as he was to commit such cold blooded murder, until at length being overcome with the kindness of the family, he confessed the whole, and went away in peace.

Once more, while the Indians were carrying on the desolating war already noticed upon the head waters of Patowmac, and other frontier settlements, they one day made an attack upon col. Cresap's fort, at his own house near Old Town; they killed a Mr. Welder, who happened to be some distance from the fort, but the attack was feeble, easily repelled, and the Indian was killed who kill-

d Mr. Welder. But a certain old Indian named Kill-buck, contrived to get under a bridge over a mill race about one hundred and fifty yards from the fort, where he lay quietly and patiently, two or three days and nights with the sole view of killing old Cresap, who he never saw during the whole time, and to add to his mortification, one day, while lying under the bridge, an old woman coming on the bridge, stopped ~~directly~~ over him and let her water directly upon him.—Now whether this old fellow had ever heard of the Philosopher Socrates and his good wife Xantippe, I know not, but certain it is, that under similar circumstances he was more passive and silent, than even Socrates himself, and for this story we are indebted to Kill-buck himself or it would have remained a secret forever.

Now, although we believe every man is under the protection of Providence, yet from these anecdotes, it would seem to appear, that this old gentleman was most specially and peculiarly preserved.

Col. Cresap's literary attainments were small, the incidents and unpropitious circumstances of his early life, were such as to preclude and forbid every thing of this nature; his mind was, however, vigorous, comprehensive, and strong, for notwithstanding the defect in his early education, and all the disadvantages of acquiring scientific knowledge in mature age, yet by industry and application, he obtained a sufficient knowledge of the mathematicks, to be entrusted with the surveyorship of Prince George's County,* and such also was his decision and energy of mind, that he frequently represented his county in the Legislature, and for clearness of understanding, soundness of judgement, and firmness of mind, he was esteemed one among the best members.

Perhaps no part of col. Cresap's character was more estimated than his benevolence and hospitality; in early times, when there were but few taverns, and those few

* This county at that time, comprehended Montgomery, Frederick, Washington, and Allegany.

very indifferent, his house at Old Town was open and his table spread for all decent travellers, and they were welcome—his delight was to give and receive useful information, nor was this friendly disposition limited to white people only,—the Indians generally called on him in pretty large parties as they passed and repassed from North to South on their war expeditions, and for which special purpose, he kept a very large kettle for their use—and he generally gave them a beef to kill for themselves every time they called;—and this his liberality towards them obtained for him among them, the honorable title of the *Big-spoon*.

His person was not large but firmly set, and his muscular strength great, he had a sound and strong constitution, and lived to the uncommon age, of one hundred and five or six.

About the age of three score and ten, he undertook and performed a voyage to England, and came back in safety, bringing with him four nieces, sisters daughters,* one of whom, an ancient woman is still living: while in London, col. Cresap, was commissioned by lord Baltimore to run the western line of Maryland, with a view to ascertain which of the two branches of the Potomac was the largest, and which was in reality the fountain head, or first source of that river. I recollect to have heard col. Cresap say, that many years ago some gentlemen, who were appointed commissioners to settle this question, came up to the junction of those two branches, but considering it difficult and dangerous to proceed further, measured the width and depth of the rivers, and finding the North branch the widest and deepest, reported accordingly.

Accordingly, on his return home, he employed surveyors &c. &c. and run the line, to wit: a due North line

* I am aware that public fame, has attached a different and unfavorable character to these women, but they were really his neices, three of them married and one returned to England.

from the head spring of the North branch to intersect the Pennsylvania line, and then beginning at the head spring of the South branch, run a line exactly parallel, to wit: due north to the said Pennsylvania line, and it was discovered by running these lines, that the line from the head of the South branch was 12 miles west of that drawn from the North branch, hence it is probable that if our revolution had not dissolved the charter of Baltimore and Fairfax, that the high court of Chancery in Great Britain would have had an important cause to decide, but as the case now stands it is a question, between the two states of Maryland and Virginia, which it is possible may in some future day become a subject of enquiry and investigation.

A few more remarks, and I am done with col. Cresap. When he was upwards of eighty years old, he married a second wife, and at the age of about one hundred, performed a journey, partly by sea and partly by land, from his residence at Old Town to an island near the British province of Novascotia and returned in safety.

From all which we seen warranted in asserting that had providence, (or chance if you like the word better,) placed col. Cresap at the head of an army, or state, or kingdom, he would have been a more conspicuous character. He was not inferior to Charles the XII. of Sweden in personal bravery, nor to Peter the Great of Russia (whom in many things he much resembled,) in coldness and fortitude, or that peculiar talent of learning experience from misfortune, and levying a tax upon damage and loss to raise him to future prosperity and success.

And having now done with col. Cresap, I must entreat the readers patience, while I enter with some minuteness upon a catalogue of the Cresap family, &c. I have already assigned, and need not repeat them; weighty reasons for pursuing this course.

Col. Thomas Cresap had five children—three sons, Daniel, Thomas and Michael, and two daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth.

Daniel was a plain man, the patriarch of the day and country in which he lived, a man of sober habits, great industry, economy, and temperance, like Jacob of old,

+ *Coolness*

agriculture was his occupation and delight, and in the midst of his family, his flocks, and his herds, he spent his days, and acquired immense wealth. He was proverbially the poor man's friend, and has been known in scarce times to refuse to sell corn to those who had money, that he might have enough to supply those who had none, and I suspect this original, although a faithful portrait has but few copies—what a pity.

Now although, I do not mean to write the lives of all the Cresaps, yet there is a few circumstances, in this man's life that deserves recording, especially as they have a remote squinting at the main object of this work, namely to shew that the public are greatly deceived in their opinion of the Cresap family respecting Indians, and Indian affairs.

The old Nemacolin, the Indian already mentioned, was very intimate with and spent much of his time in the family of Daniel Cresap. They agreed one day to go out on a bear hunt, and after getting into what they thought proper ground, they separated, having fixed upon a place known to both, where they would meet. Cresap pursued his way to the top of the Allegany mountain, and soon started and treed some cubs, anxious to get the cubs, and to learn his dogs to fight them, he ascended the tree; but the cubs still moving higher—he pursued until the limbs of the tree broke, and down came Cresap, cubs and all to the ground, or rather to the stones—for it happened on a rough stoney piece of ground—this fall from such a height and among stones broke his bones and nearly took his life, he lay on the ground motionless and senseless, until the old Indian who not finding him at the time and place, agreed on and supposing something had befallen him, had the good fortune to find him after diligent search, in the situation above described; but his wounds and bruises were such that he could not be moved. Nemacolin moved with compassion, went to his house, informed his wife, and between them with the aid of a horse and litter they took him to his home.

I tell the reader this story, not only to show the habits of intimacy between the Cresap family, and the Indians; but moreover it was this circumstance, or his dwelling in

vicinity of the mountain, that has immortalized his name for it was from him that the ridge of the Allegany mountain, called Dan's mountain, took its name, and which I presume is fixed on it forever.

7 Daniel Cresap, son of col. Thomas, had by his first wife, one son, Michael, who commanded a company in Dunmore's war, and was afterwards colonel of the Militia, of Hampshire county, Virginia, he is dead, and by a second wife, seven sons and three daughters, to wit: Thomas, Daniel, Joseph, Van, Robert, James and Thomas again, and Elizabeth, Mary, and Sarah, — Thomas died young.

Daniel Cresap, son of Daniel, was a lieutenant in his uncle Michael's company of Riflemen, who marched to Boston in 1776, was afterwards col. of the Militia, of Allegany county, Maryland, and also commanded a regiment in gen. Lee's army, against the V hisky-boys.— He died on his return home, from this expedition—Joseph his second son, by his second wife, was with his uncle in Dunmore's war, although very young—he was in both expeditions, to wit: that under McDonald, and also in the army commanded by Dummore, in person. He also marched to Boston in the Rifle company, commanded by his uncle, and was one of his lieutenants. he has often represented the county of Allegany, Maryland, in the state legislature, and was lastly a member of the senate—he is still living, is a man of wealth and respectability, has been four times married, and has a large family of children.

Van his fourth son as aforesaid is dead, he left two sons and two daughters, three of whom are living, have families and are respectable.

Robert like his father is a plain, domestic man, his habits of industry and economy have produced their natural results, namely, wealth and independence, and in respect to wealth &c. is among the foremost in Allegany county, he is yet living and has a large family of children.

James is rich and very popular, has often represented his county in the state Legislature, and has a fine family of children and is yet living.

Thomas his youngest son occupies his fathers old man-

sion house, is highly respectable, has also represented his county in the state legislature, is at present one of the judges of the orphans court, is living, and has a large family of children.

And now may I not ask, how many fathers have so many sons—honorable to their family, and in such high estimation among their fellow citizens.

Elizabeth his eldest daughter was married to Thomas Collins, Esq. of Hampshire county Virginia, they are both dead, but left several children, one of whom is or was colonel of the militia of Hampshire, but he has removed to Maryland.

Mary his second daughter was unfortunate in her marriage, but her dissipated husband is dead, and she has several fine children.

Sarah his youngest daughter is married to Aquila A. Brown, Esq. attorney at law, they reside in Philadelphia, are wealthy and respectable, and have several fine children.

Thomas Cresap, second son to col. Thomas, was as already related, killed by an Indian, but both firing at the same instant killed each other. He was married and left a widow and one female child. This daughter of Thomas Cresap, jr. was first married to a Mr. Brent a lawyer, by whom she had a son and daughter still living, her son Thomas Brent, Esq. lives in Washington county, Maryland, is wealthy and respectable.

She was afterwards married to John Reid, Esq. of Allegany county, they had several children, one of which, William Reed, Esq. is now a representative for his county.

Michael Cresap, the subject of this memoir and youngest son of col. Thomas, left five children, two sons and three daughters.

But as the daughters were the eldest, we begin with them.

Mary the eldest daughter, was married to Luther Martin, Esq. attorney general of Md. she is dead and left two daughters, one is dead.

Elizabeth the second daughter, married Lenox Martin, Esq. brother to Luther, he was also raised to the profession of the law, and was for a period a practitioner, is now

a justice of the peace, and resides in Allegany county near Old Town; himself and wife are both living and have a large family of children.

Sarah the youngest daughter, married Osborn Sprigg, Esq. they are both dead, but left four sons, one of whom (Michael) is a popular character, and at present a candidate for congress, with a fair prospect of success.

James, the eldest son, was married first to a miss Reid, but she dying young, he afterwards married Mrs. Vanbiber, widow of Mr. Abraham Vanbiber of Baltimore, by whom he had one son, Luther Martin Cresap, still living, but he himself is dead.

Michael, youngest son of capt. Michael, married a miss Ogle, a young lady raised by his mother, they live on the Ohio river, have several fine children, and are wealthy and respectable.

Sarah, daughter of col. Thomas Cresap, was twice married, first to col. Enoch Innis, lastly to a Mr. John Foster, they are all dead and she had no children.

Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of col. Thomas Cresap, was married to a Mr. Isaac Collins from Pennsylvania, rather a dissipated character, they are both dead, but left several children, who reside in the states of Kentucky and Ohio, and Alabama, and all of them wealthy and respectable.

Thus have I brought into view before the public, this large and respectable family, that it may at once be seen how many persons and characters of the first estimation, who move in the highest circles of society wherever they dwell, and who certainly in a comparative view, stand upon equal ground with any family in the United States; and where, permit me to add, shall we find a catalogue of names all of the same stock and family, so free from blemish and so equally and generally respectable. I regret that there should be any exceptions, but they are few.

And shall I, who know them all, and know that the charges against one of the most conspicuous characters of this family, are most untrue, knowing I say as I do, that capt. Michael Cresap, was neither a man infamous for his many Indian murders, nor the cause of Dunmore's war; with this conviction upon my mind, with the truth

D + Collier

before me as clear as the resplendent beams of the sun—shall I or can I remain silent, when I have it in my power most positively and completely to refute all these charges? surely I shall be pardoned if contrary to my wishes or intention, any warmth or disrespectful expression towards capt. Cresap's accuser, should unguardedly drop from my pen, for I verily think few circumstances in life can have a stronger tendency to irritation and warmth of excitement, than to be contradicted; brow-beaten, and pertinaciously opposed, as to the truth of a well known fact, especially in all cases where the character of a friend is calumniated, stigmatized, and contrary to truth and reason consigned or attempted to be consigned to public execration and infamy.

If indeed, capt. Cresap was the man represented by Mr. Jefferson. *infamous for his many Indian murders*, or if as Dr. Doddridge of recent date asserts, *he was the cause of Dunmore's war*, the public would never have heard from me; I should neither have stained paper nor opened my mouth. But conscious as I am that there is not a word of truth in all this. I stand upon *terra firma*. I set my feet upon the immutable basis of truth, stretch out my hand and defy the world! I am no Cresap, his widow it is true was my wife, and he himself my friend, my more than friend, my foster father. The world will therefore judge how far I should be excusable were I to remain silent in a cause so just; a case so clear, nay like one of old, we say, "*we cannot but speak of the things we have seen and heard.*"

CHAPTER, III.

A Brief sketch of the life of capt. Cresap's youth, up to the year 1774.

It is not my view in this work to give the public a detailed, minute, or particular history of the life of capt. Cresap, but only so much, and such parts as is deemed necessary to present his life, as a whole portrait sufficiently united in symmetry, to present in full view a character not known, little understood and much abused by those who judge without knowledge and condemn without reason.

He was as has been already stated, the youngest son of col. Thomas Cresap of Frederick, but now Allegany county, Maryland, and was born on the 29th day of June, 1742. The remoteness of col. Cresap's habitation from a dense population, or any seminary of learning, induced the old gentleman to send his son Michael to a school in Baltimore county, kept by the Rev. Mr. Craddock, but young Cresap being a backwoods boy, and speckled bird among his school fellows, had to fight his way into their good graces; which I think he soon effected and became their champion, he however not relishing the restraint of a school, or for some other cause, ran away and travelled home on foot, about 140 miles. But his father, far from sanctioning such conduct, gave the poor fellow a terrible whipping and sent him back, where thenceforward he steadily remained until he had finished his education. soon after which, he married a miss Whitehead of Philadelphia, both very young, and settling in a little village near his father's residence, commenced merchant. He imported his goods first from London, dealt largely, and well nigh ruined himself from his benevolence and misplaced confi-

dence in his customers, a circumstance also occurred about this time, that injured him most materially. The gentleman who acted as agent for the London merchant from whom he received his goods, wrote to him that Cresap was a suspicious character and that he was under the apprehension he intended to remove to some place in the western country, where he would be out of the reach of the law.

But this story came to capt. Cresap's ears, his goods were withheld, and the cause discovered; the consequence was that a dreadful battle ensued between Cresap and this agent, whose name I forbear to mention, this tremendous battle was fought in a private room in Frederick-town, and I am under the impression no other person was present, but capt. Cresap soon discovered that fighting did not fill his coffers, and however other men, as Cyrus, Alexander, and Napoleon might amass great wealth and treasure from the science of war and man-killing, yet it had an inverse operation upon his funds, as will appear in the sequel of his history.

But to return from this digression, capt. Cresap from the causes above recited, discovered that his affairs were in a ruinous situation, and might be said to be daily growing worse, from the peculiar circumstances of the times, the tide of emigration began to flow with rapidity to the west, and his debtors, some to a large amount were daily removing to the land of milk and honey. He now discovered that he had dealt upon too liberal a scale, and though late, determined to be more cautious in future, I was in his store at this time, and was strictly charged by him, to trust no man unless I knew him well to be good, but if at any time he was caught in the store himself, which sometimes happened, a plausible story from a man or piteous tale from a woman, would soon demolish all the fortifications about his heart, and the result was, turning to me, he would say, John, let this man or this woman have what they want, and soon after leave the store, for fear of another attack.

Capt. Cresap's whole deportment in all his various relations, diversified scenes, and circumstances, exhibited the character of a benevolent, noble and generous spirit,

he was a man of uncommon energy, enterprize and decision; plan and execution with him followed in rapid succession, and as already remarked the deranged and unpropitious aspect of his affairs, determined him to adopt some judicious and feasible plan to rescue his sinking fortune from ruin; the case admitted of no parley or delay, nor was his character of a complexion to hesitate, he saw a way open and that way he boldly pursued; conscious that he must emerge from the ocean of difficulty in which he was involved or sink. Thus urged by necessity, prompted by a laudable ambition, and allured by the rational and exhilarating prospect before him, he saw, or thought he saw in the rich bottoms on the Ohio, an ample fund if he succeeded in securing a title to those lands, not only to redeem his credit and extricate him from his difficulty, but also, to afford a respectable competency for a rising family.

Under the impression of this idea, and with every rational prospect of success early in the spring of the year 1774, he engaged six or seven active young men, under the wages of £2 10s 0d. each per month, and repairing to the then wilderness of the Ohio, commenced the business of building houses and clearing lands, and being one of the first or among the first adventurers into this exposed and dangerous region, he had it in his power to select some of the best and richest of the Ohio bottoms. But, while thus peaceably and diligently engaged in the prosecution of his object, he was suddenly arrested by a circular letter from maj. Connoly, the earl of Dunmore's vice governor of western Virginia and commandant at Pittsburgh; this letter was sent by express in every direction through the country, warning the inhabitants to be on their guard, that the Indians were very angry and manifested such a hostile disposition, that it was evident they would fall on the inhabitants somewhere. As soon as the season would permit this letter was sent to capt. Cresap, accompanied with a confirmatory message from col. Croghan and Alexander M. Gee, Esq. Indian agents and interpreters. The result was, capt. Cresap immediately abandoned his object, and ascended the Ohio to fort Wheeling, the nearest place of safety.

But as I shall give the reader a more ample detail of

the whole affair, in my next chapter, I shall wave any further remarks at this time—save only that from the foregoing statement, which I am confident is substantially correct, that it is most apparent that capt. Cresap's primary, yea, only object in leaving his family, and stationing himself on the banks of the Ohio, in the spring of the year 1774, was to improve and secure some lands on that river, and consequently that an Indian war would be to him, above all men most disastrous, and therefore to be deprecated and dreaded as opposed to all his golden dreams of ease and affluence in declining life—and this single circumstance will serve as a key to all subsequent facts, and tend to open and illucidate; the natural results causes and effects, as it should seem inevitably growing out of this state of things at this period.

Capt. Cresap's loss, and sacrifice on this occasion, affords an auxiliary and powerful argument in support of what is remarked above, for in addition to the paralyzing and blasted views now presented to his mind respecting his own lands, his expences must have amounted to near £30 per month, adding subsistence, at such a distance from any place where provisions could be obtained, to the monthly wages of his men; he had also with him the necessary furniture and camp equipage, which he foresaw, must be, and I believe was finally lost.

May I not then be permitted to repeat, that it must be evident that no man of sane mind—that none but a madman could under his peculiar circumstances, at this time, have wished for an Indian war.

CHAPTER, IV.

Dunmore's war—preliminary remarks—enquiry into the cause—Connoly's circular letter—state of the Western country, in the year 1774—capt. Cresap improving lands—ascend to Fort Wheeling—two Indians killed in a canoe—subsequent affair with the Indians—skirmish on the Ohio—quarrel with Connoly and return to his family—commission from and imply'd approbation of the Earl of Dunmore—major McDonald's expedition to Wappatomache—Dunmore's campaign—treaty at Chillicothee—conclusion of the war.

It will appear from the bill of fare, or shore analysis of the various subjects embraced in the chapter before us, that we are now entering into an extensive field, a field so fraught with important matter, that it will require the closest attention, and utmost accuracy to delineate in their true colors, the various and multifarious scenes, through which we are now destined to travel, and inasmuch as what I am now about to detail, may become matter of record to succeeding ages—I cannot but feel an uncommon solicitude to keep close in the strait path of truth, and therefore it is my design while I speak positively as to known facts, to be cautious and guarded in my expressions as to doubtful subjects.

And permit me to add that I am now old, and as all the facts and circumstances I am now about to record, are also old—obsolete, and to most men of this generation unknown, and I believe nearly obliterated from the memory of my co-equals in age—neither is my memory very tenacious, it is therefore possible I may be mistaken in the detail of some trivial circumstances, and I now promise

that if a reader should discover any such mistake of sufficient importance to merit correction, I will then freely do it—provided he is right—and I am wrong.

The question of justice—or injustice, as to the means used by the American nation in the acquisition of the Indian's lands, and their gradual expulsion from their native seats, farther and still farther west, I leave to be settled among statesmen and philosophers, who have more leisure and better talents for the discussion; but it is certain that our quarrel with the Indians, or their quarrel with us, is nearly co-eval with our earliest settlement on this continent, it is true, that we have had many treaties, and often made peace with our Aboriginal neighbors but this state of things was never permanent. The restless roving disposition of the Indians, whose only business is hunting and war, together with the frequent encroachments of the white people on their lands, and hunting grounds, soon kindled again, the fire-brands of war, which was generally protracted and destructive in its effects in proportion to the number of Indian nations engaged, and their aggregate numerical strength.

At this period, to wit: in the commencement of the year 1774, there existed between our people and the Indians, a kind of doubtful precarious and suspicious peace. In the year 1773, they killed a certain John Martin and Guy Meeks, (Indian traders,) on the Hochocking, and robbed them of about £200 worth of goods.

They were much irritated with our people, who were about this time beginning to settle Kentucky, and with them they waged an unceasing and destructive predatory war; and whoever saw an Indian in Kentucky, saw an enemy—no questions were asked on either side—but from the muzzles of their rifles, many other circumstances at this period, combined to show that our peace with the Indians, rested upon such dubious and uncertain ground, that it must soon be dispersed by a whirlwind of carnage and war, and as I consider this an all-important point in the thread of our history, and an interesting link in the chain of causes, combining to produce Dunmore's war, I will present the reader with another fact directly in point, it is extracted from the journal of a 'squire M'Con-

nel, in my possession. 'Squire M'C. says that about the 3rd day of March 1774, while himself and six other men, who were in company with him, were asleep in their camp in the night, they were awakened by the fierce barking of their dogs, and thought they saw something like men creeping towards them, alarmed at this, they sprang up, seized their rifles and flew to trees—by this time, one Indian had reached their fire; but hearing them cock their guns, drew back, stumbled and fell. The whole party now came up and appearing friendly, he ordered his men not to fire, and shook hands with his new guests. They carried all night, and appearing so friendly, prevailed with him and one of his men, to go with them to their town, at no great distance from their camp; but when they arrived, he was taken with his companion to their council, or war house, a war dance was performed around them, and the war club shook at or over them, and they were detained close prisoners and narrowly guarded for two or three days, a council was held over them, and it was decreed that they should be threatened severely, and discharged—provided they would give their women some flour and salt, being dismissed, they set out on their journey to their camp, but met on their way about 25 warriors and some boys; a second council was held over them, and it was decreed that they should not be killed, but robbed, which was accordingly done, and all their flour, salt, powder and lead, and all their rifles that were good, were taken from them, and being further threatened, the Indians left them, as already noticed, this party consisted of seven men, to wit: 'squire M'Connel, Andrew M'Connel, Lawrence Darnal, Wm. Ganet, Matthew Riddle, John Laferty, and Thomas Canady.

But I must advertise the reader here, that I have condensed, and not copied verbatim, 'squire M'Connel's journal—it was too long to transcribe.*

* Since writing this chapter, Mr. Joseph Cresap stated to me the following fact, evinsire of the general impression on the minds of the western people of an immediate attack from the Indians.

He says that in the month of April, in the year 1774, he

We have also in reserve some more material facts, that go to show the aspect of affairs at this period, and that may be considered as evident precursors to an impending war—and it is certainly not a trifling item in the catalogue of these events: That early in the spring of 1774, whether precedent or subsequent to Connolly's famous circular letter, I am not prepared to say having no positive data; but it was however, about this period, that the Indians killed two men in a canoe, belonging to a Mr. Butler, of Pittsburg, and robbed the canoe of the property therein, this was about the first of May 1774, and took place near the mouth of Little Beaver, a small creek that empties into the Ohio, between Pittsburg and Wheeling, and this fact is so certain and well established, that Benjamin Tomlinson, Esq. who is now living, and who assisted in burying the dead—can, and will bear testimony to its truth.

And it is presumed, it was this circumstance that produced that prompt and terrible vengeance, taken on the Indians at Yellow Creek immediately after, to wit, on the 3d day of May, which gave rise to, and furnished matter for the pretended lying speech of Logan, which I shall hereafter prove a counterfeit, and if it was genuine, yet a genuine fabrication of lies.

Thus we find from an examination into the state of affairs in the West, that there was a pre-disposition to war at least on the part of the Indians. But may we not suspect that other latent causes, working behind the scenes, and in the dark were silently marching to the same result.

Be it remembered then, that this Indian war, was but as

was with some surveyors running lands, on Cheat river, about four miles above the Horse shoe bottom, that they were indistinctly discovered by some hunters, who reported that they were a party of Indians, that a company was immediately raised in Tygers Valley, who marched down about thirty miles to attack them, but fortunately discovered their mistake before any mischief was done.

the portico, to our revolutionary war, the fuel for which was then preparing, and which burst into a flame, the ensuing year.

Neither let us forget that the earl of Dunmore was at this time governor of Virginia, and that he was acquainted with the views and designs of the British Cabinet, can scarcely be doubted, what then suppose ye, would be the conduct of a man, possessing his means, filling a high official station, attached to the British government, and master of consummate diplomatic skill.

Dunmore's penetrating eye, could not but see, and he no doubt did see, two all important objects, that if accomplished would go to subserve and promote the grand object of the British Cabinet; namely, to establish an unbounded and unrestrained authority over our North American continent.

These two objects were, first, setting the new settlers, on the west side of the Allegany by the ears, and secondly embroiling the western people in a war with the Indians, these two objects accomplished, would put it in his power to direct the storm to any and every point conducive to the grand object he had in view. But as in the nature of the thing he could not, and policy failing that he should always appear personally in promoting and effectuating these objects, it was necessary he should obtain a confidential agent, attached to his person, and to the British government, and one that would promote his views either publicly or covertly, as circumstances required.

The materials for his first object, were abundant, and already prepared, the emigrants to the Western country, were almost all from the three states of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, the line between the two states of Virginia and Pennsylvania was unsettled, and both these states claimed the whole of the Western country. This motly mixture of men from different states, did not harmonize. The Virginians and Marylanders disliked the Pennsylvania laws—nor did the Pennsylvanians relish those of Virginia—thus many disputes much warm blood, broils and sometimes battles called *fisty cuff* followed.

The earl of Dunmore with becoming zeal, for the honor of the ancient dominion, seized this state of things so pro-

+ *forbidding*

pitious to his views, and having found Doct. John Conolly a Pennsylvanian, with whom I think he could not have had much previous acquaintance, by the art of hocus pocus, or some other art, converted him into a staunch Virginian, and appointed him vice governor and commandant of Pittsburgh and its dependancies; that is to say, of all the western country. Affairs on that side of the mountain now began to wear a serious aspect; attempts were made by both states to enforce their laws, and the strong arm of power and coercion was let loose by Virginia. Some magistrates acting under the authority of Pennsylvania, were arrested, sent to Virginia and imprisoned.

But that the reader may be well assured that the hand of Dunmore was in all this, I present him with a copy of his proclamation, it is however deficient as to date.

“Whereas, I have reason to apprehend that the government of Pennsylvania in prosecution of their claims to Pittsburg and its dependancies, will endeavor to obstruct his majesty’s government, thereof, under my administration, by illegal, and unwarrantable commitment of the officers, I have appointed for that purpose, and that settlement is in some danger of annoyance from the Indians, also, and it being necessary to support the dignity of his majesty’s government and protect his subjects in the quiet and peaceable enjoyment of their rights. I have therefore thought proper, by and with the consent and advice of his majesty’s council, by this proclamation in his majesty’s name, to order and require the officers of the militia in that district to embody a sufficient number of men, to repel any insult, whatsoever, and all his majesty’s liege subjects within this colony, are hereby strictly required to be aiding & assisting therein, or they shall answer the contrary at their peril, and I further enjoin and require the several inhabitants of the territories aforesaid, to pay his majesty’s quitrents and public dues to such officers as are or shall be appointed to collect the same within this dominion until his majesty’s pleasure therein shall be known.”

It is much to be regretted, that my copy of this procla-

nation is without date, there can however be no doubt it was issued either in 1774 or early in 1775, and I am inclined to think it was issued in 1774, but it would be satisfactory to know precisely the day, because chronology is the soul of history.

But this state of things in the west, it seems from subsequent events, was not the mere effervescence of a transient or momentary excitement, but continued a long season; the seeds of discord had fallen unhappily on ground so naturally productive and were also, two well cultivated by the earl of Dunmore, Connolly and the Pennsylvania officers, to evaporate in an instant.

We find by recurring to the history of our revolutionary war that that awful tornado, if it had not the effect to sweep away all disputes about state rights and local interests, yet it had the effect, to silence and suspend everything of that nature, pending our dubious and arduous struggle for national existence, but yet we find in fact, that whatever conciliatory effect this state of things had upon other sections of the country and upon the nation at large, yet it was not sufficient to extinguish this fire in the west.

For in the latter end of the year 1776, or in the year 1777, we find these people petitioning congress, to interpose their authority, and redress their grievances. I have this petition before me, but it is too long to copy; I therefore, only give a short abstract.

It begins with stating that whereas, Virginia and Pennsylvania, both set up claims to the western country, it was productive of the most serious and distressing consequences, that as each state pertinaciously supported their respective pretensions, the result was, as described by themselves, "*frauds, impositions, violences, depredations, animosities, &c. &c.*"

These evils they ascribe, (as indeed the fact was,) to the conflicting claims of the two states, and so warm were the partizans on each side, as in some cases to produce battles and shedding of blood, but they superadd another reason for this ill humour, namely; the proceedings of Dunmore's warrant officers, in laying land warrants on lands claimed by others, & many other claims for land granted by

the crown of England, to individuals, companies, &c. covering a vast extent of country, and including most of the lands, already settled and occupied by the greatest part of the inhabitants of the western country; and they finally pray congress to erect them into a separate state, and admit them into the union as a 14th state.

As this petition recites the treaty of Pittsburgh, in October 1775, it is probable we may fix its date, (for it has none) to the latter part of 1776 or 1777. I rather think the latter, not only from my own recollection of the circumstances of that period, but especially from the request in the petition to be erected into a new state, which certainly would not be thought of before the declaration of independence.

But the unhappy state of the western country, will appear still more evident, when we advert to another important document which I have also before me, it is a proclamation issued by the delegates in congress; from the states of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and bears date, *Philadelphia, July 25, 1775.*

But the heat of fire, and inflexible obstinacy of the parties engaged in this controversy, will appear in colours, still stronger, when we see the unavailing efforts, made by the delegates in congress from the two states of Virginia and Pennsylvania in the year 1775. These gentlemen it was obvious under the influence of the best of motives, and certainly with a view to the best interests, peace and happiness of the western people, sent them a proclamation, couched in terms directly calculated to restore tranquility and harmony among them, but the little effect produced by this proclamation—their subsequent petition, just recited, and sent the next year or year after to congress, fully demonstrates.

But as I consider this proclamation an important document and no where recorded, I give it to the reader verbatim in toto.

“To the Inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Virginia, on the west side of the Laurel Hill.

“FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,

“It gives us much concern to find that disturbances,

“have arisen, and still continue among you, concerning the boundaries of our colonies. In the character in which we now address you, it is unnecessary to enquire into the *origin* of those unhappy disputes, and it would be improper for us to express our approbation or censure on either side; but as representatives of two of the colonies united among many others, for the defence of the liberties of America, we think it our duty to remove, as far as lies in our power, every obstacle that may *prevent her sons* from co-operating as vigorously as they would wish to do towards the attainment of this great and important end, influenced solely by this motive, our joint, and earnest request to you is, that all animosities, which have heretofore subsisted among you, as inhabitants of distinct colonies, may now give place to generous and concurring efforts for the preservation of every thing that can make our common country dear to us.

“We are fully persuaded that you as well as we, wish to see your differences terminate in this happy issue, for this desirable purpose we recommend it to you, that all bodies of *armed men, kept up under either province* be dismissed, that all those on either side, who *are * in confinement, or under bail* for taking a part in the contest be discharged, and that until the dispute be decided, every person be permitted to retain his possessions unmolested.

“By observing these directions, the public tranquility, will be secured without injury to the titles on either side, the period, we flatter ourselves, will soon arrive, when this unfortunate dispute, which has produced much mischief, and as far as we can learn, no good, will be peaceably and constitutionally determined.

“We are your friends and countrymen,

P. HENRY,
RICHARD HENRY LEE,
BENJ. HARRISON,
TH. JEFFERSON,
JOHN DICKINSON,

* This word is in the original, WE, not WHO.

GEO. ROSS,
B. FRANKLIN,
JAMES WILSON,
CHA. HUMPHREYS.

“Philadelphia, July, 25, 1774.”

But to conclude this part of our subject, I think the reader cannot but see from Dunmore's Proclamation, the violent measures of his lieutenant Connoly, and the Virginia officers, and from the complexion of the times, and the subsequent conduct of both Dunmore and Connoly, as we shall see hereafter; that this unhappy state of things, if not actually produced, was certainly improved by Dunmore, to subserve the views of the British Court.

We now proceed to examine the question, how far facts and circumstances justify us in supposing the Earl of Dunmore himself instrumental in producing the Indian war of 1774.

It has been already remarked that this Indian war was but the precursor to our revolutionary war, of 1775—that Dunmore, the then Governor of Virginia, was one of the most inveterate and determined enemies to the Revolution—that he was a man of high talents, especially for intrigue and diplomatic skill—that occupying the station of Governor and commander in chief of the large and respectable state of Virginia, he possessed means and power to do much to serve the views of Great Britain.

And we have seen from the preceding pages, how effectually he played his part among the inhabitants of the western country. I was present myself when a Pennsylvania magistrate, of the name of Scott, was taken into custody and brought before Dunmore, at Prestone old Fort; he was severely threatened and dismissed, perhaps on bail, but I do not recollect how—another Pennsylvania magistrate was sent to Staunton goal. And, I have already shewn in the preceding pages, that there was a sufficient preparation of materials for this war in the pre-disposition and hostile attitude of our affairs with the Indians; that it was consequently no difficult matter with a Virginia governor, to direct this incipient state of things to any point—most conducive to the grand end he had in view; namely, weakening our national strength in some

of its best and most efficient parts. If then, a war with the Indians might have a tendency to produce this result, it appears perfectly natural and reasonable to suppose, that Dunmore, would make use of all his power and influence to promote it; and, although the war of 1774 was brought to a conclusion before the year was out, yet we know, that this fire was scarcely extinguished, before it burst out again into a flame with tenfold fury; and two or three armies of the whites were sacrificed before we could get the Indians subdued, and this unhappy state of our affairs with the Indians happening during the severe conflict of our revolutionary war, had the very effect I suppose Dunmore had in view; namely, dividing our forces and enfeebling our aggregate strength, and that the seeds of these subsequent wars with the Indians, were sown in 1774 and 1775, appears almost certain.

Yet still, however, we admit, that we are not in possession of materials to substantiate this charge against the earl, and all we can do is to produce some facts and circumstances, that deserve notice, and have a strong bearing on the case.

And the first we shall mention,* is, a circular letter, sent by maj. Connolly, his proxy, early in the spring of the year 1774, warning the inhabitants to be on their guard, that the Indians were very angry, and manifested so much hostility, that he was apprehensive they would strike somewhere as soon as the season would permit, and enjoining the inhabitants to prepare and retire into forts, &c. It might be useful to collate and compare this letter with one he wrote to capt. Cresap, on the 14th July following—see hereafter. In this letter he declares there is war, or danger of war, before the war is properly begun; in that to capt. Cresap, he says, the Indians deport themselves peaceably, when Dunmore, and Lewis, and Cornstalk are all on their march for battle.

* The remark as it should seem incidentally made in Dunmore's proclamation, as to the Indian war, (see page 48.) deserves notice as it has no connection with the subject, of that proclamation.

This letter was sent by express in every direction of the country, unhappily we have lost or mislaid it, and consequently are deficient in a most material point in its date, but from one expression in the letter, namely, he says the Indians will strike when the season permits, and this season is generally understood to mean when the leaves are out, that is in the month of May. We find from a subsequent letter from Pentecost and Connolly to capt. Reece, that this assumed fact is proved—see hereafter.

Therefore this letter cannot be of a later date than some time in the month of April, and if so, before Butler's men were killed on little Beaver; [that this was the fact is I think absolutely certain, because no mention is made in Connolly's letter of this affair, which certainly would not have been omitted, if precedent to his letter;] and before Logan's family were killed on Yellow creek, and was in fact the fiery red-cross and harbinger of war, as in days of yore among the Scottish clans.

This letter produced its natural result, the people fled into forts, and put themselves into a posture of defence, and the tocsin of war resounded from Laurel hill to the banks of the Ohio. Capt. Cresap, who was peaceably at this time employed in building houses and improving lands on the Ohio, received this letter, accompanied it is believed with a confirmatory message from col. Croghan and maj. M'Gee, Indian agents and interpreters as already stated in my third chapter,* and he thereupon immediately broke up his camp, and ascended the river to fort Wheeling, the nearest place of safety; from whence it is believed he intended speedily to return home, but during his stay at this place, a report was brought into the fort that two Indians were coming down the river. Capt. Cresap supposing from every circumstance and the general aspect of affairs, that war was inevitable and in fact, already begun, went up the river with his party, and two of his men of the name of Chenoweth and Brothers killed these two Indians, and beyond controversy this is the only

* I had this from capt. Cresap himself, a short time after it occurred.

circumstance in the history of this Indian war, in which his name can in the remotest degree be identified with any measure tending to produce this war: And it is certain that the guilt or innocence of this affair will appear from its date; it is notorious then that those Indians were killed, not only after capt. Cresap had received Connoly's letter, and after Butler's men were killed in the canoe, but also, after the affair at Yellow creek, and after the people had fled into forts; but more of this hereafter, when we take up Dr. Doddridge and his book; simply, however, remarking here, that this affair of killing these two Indians, has the same aspect and relation to Dunmore's war, that the battle of Lexington had to our war of the revolution.

But to proceed—permit us to remark, that it is very difficult at this late period, to form a correct idea of these times, unless we can bring distinctly into view the real state of our frontier. The inhabitants of the western country were at this time thinly scattered from the Alleghany mountain, to the Eastern banks of the Ohio, and most thinly near that river, in this state of things, it was natural to suppose that the few settlers in the vicinity of Wheeling, who had collected into that fort would feel extremely solicitous to detain capt. Cresap and his men, as long as possible, especially until they could see on what point the storm of war would fall.—Capt. Cresap, the son of a hero, and a hero himself, felt for their situation, and getting together a few more men in addition to his own and not relishing the limits of a little fort, nor a life of inactivity, set out on what was called a scouting party, that is to reconnoitre, and scour the frontier border, and while out and engaged in this business, fell in with, and had a running fight with a party of Indians, nearly about his equal in numbers, one Indian was killed, and Cresap had one man wounded; this affair took place some where on the banks of the Ohio. Doddridge says it was at the mouth of Capteening—be it so—it matters not; but he adds, it was on the same day the Indians were killed in the canoe, in this the Doct. is most egregiously mistaken, as I shall prove hereafter.

But may we not ask—what where these Indians doing

here at this time, on the banks of the Ohio; they had no town near this place, nor was it their hunting seasons, and it was about the 8th or 10th of May—is it not then probable—nay almost certain, that this straggling banditti were prepared and ready to fall on some parts of our exposed frontier, and that their dispersion saved the lives of many helpless women and children.

But the old proverb—*cry mad-dog and kill him*—is I suppose equally as applicable to heroes as to dogs.

Capt. Cresap soon after this, returned to his family in Maryland; but feeling most sensibly for the inhabitants on the frontier, in their perilous situation, immediately raised a company of volunteers, and marched back to their assistance, and having advanced as far as Catfish's camp, the place where Washington Pa. now stands, he was arrested in his progress by a peremptory and insulting order from Connolly, commanding him to dismiss his men, and to return home.

This order couched in offensive and insulting language, it may be well supposed, was not very grateful to a man of Capt. Cresap's high sense of honor and peculiar sensibility, especially conscious as he was of the purity of his motives, and the laudable end he had in view—he nevertheless obeyed, returned home, and dismissed his men, and with the determination, I well know from what he said after his return, never again to take any part in the present Indian war; but to leave Mr. Commandant at Pittsburg to fight it out as he could. This hasty resolution was however of short duration—for however strange, contradictory, and irreconcilable the conduct of the Earl of Dunmore, and his vice-governor of Pittsburg, &c. may appear—yet it is a fact, that on the 10th of June, the Earl of Dunmore, unsolicited, & to Capt. Cresap certainly unexpected—sent him a captain's commission of the militia of Hampshire county, Virginia, notwithstanding his residence was in Maryland. This commission reached Capt. C. a few days after his return from the expedition to Catfish's camp, just above mentioned; and inasmuch as this commission coming to him in the way it did, carried with it a tacit expression of the governor's approbation of his conduct—add to which, that about the same time, his

feelings were daily assailed by petition after petition, from almost every section of the western country, praying, begging and beseeching him to come over to their assistance, several of which petitions and Dunmore's commission, have escaped the wreck of time, and are in my possession.

This commission coming at the time it did, and in the way and under the circumstances above recited, aided and strengthened as it was by the numberless petitioners aforesaid, broke down and so far extinguished all captain Cresap's personal resentment against Connolly, that he once more determined to exert all his power and influence in assisting the distressed inhabitants of the Western frontier, and accordingly immediately raised a company—placed himself under the command of Maj. Angus McDonald, and marched with him to attack the Indians, at their town of Wappatomachie, on the Muskingum. His popularity, at this time, was such, that so many men flocked to his standard, that he could not consistently with the rules of an army, retain them in his company, but was obliged to transfer them much against their wills, to other captains, and the result was, that after retaining in his own company, as many men as he could consistently, he filled completely, the company of his nephew capt. Mich'l Cresap, and also partly the company of capt. Hancocke Lee. This little army of about 400 men, under Major McDonald, penetrated the Indian country as far as the Muskingum. After a smart little skirmish with a party of Indians, under capt. Snake, about four miles on this side of that river; in which battle McDonald lost six men, and killed the Indian Chief capt. Snake.

A little anecdote here, will go to show, what expert and close shooters we had in those days among our riflemen; when McDonold's little army arrived on the near bank of the Muskingum, and while lying there, an Indian on the opposite shore, got behind a log or old tree, and was lifting up his head occasionally to view the white men's army; one of capt. Cresap's men of the name of John Hargiss, seeing this, loaded his rifle with two balls, and placing himself on the bank of the river, watched the opportunity when the Indian raised his head, and firing at

the same instant, put both balls through the Indian's neck and laid him dead,* which circumstance no doubt, had great influence in intimidating the Indians.

McDonald after this had another, running fight with the Indians, drove them from their towns, burnt them, destroyed their provisions and returning to the settlement discharged his men.

But this affair at Wappatomachie and expedition of McDonald, was only the prelude to more important and efficient measures. It was well understood that the Indians were far from being subdued, and that they would now certainly collect all their force, and to the utmost of their power, return the compliment of our visit to their territories.

The governor of Virginia whatever might have been his views as to ulterior measures, lost no time in preparing to meet this storm. He sent orders immediately to col. Andrew Lewis, of Augusta county, to raise an army of about one thousand men, and to march with all expedition to the mouth of the great Canaway, on the Ohio river, where, or at some other point, he would join him. After he had got together another army, which he intended to raise in the northwestern counties, and command in person. Lewis lost no time, but collected the number of men required, and marched without delay to the appointed place of rendezvous.

But the Earl was not quite so rapid in his movements, which circumstance the Eagle-eye of old Cornstalk, the general of the Indian army, saw, and was determined to avail himself of, foreseeing that it would be much easier to destroy two separate columns of an invading army before, than after their junction, and consolidation—with this view he marched with all expedition to attack Lewis, before he was joined by the Earl's army from the North, calculating confidently no doubt, that if he could destroy Lewis—he would be able to give a good account of the army under the Earl.

* *The Muskingum at this place is said to be about 200 yards wide.*

The plans of Cornstalk, appear to have been that of a consummate and skilful general, and the prompt and rapid execution of them, displayed the energy of a warrior.—He therefore, without loss of time, attacked Lewis at his post. The attack was sudden, violent, and I believe unexpected, it was nevertheless well fought, very obstinate, and of long continuance, and as both parties fought with rifles, the conflict was dreadful, many were killed on both sides, and the contest was only finished with the approach of night—the Virginians however, kept the field, but lost many valuable officers and men, and among the rest, col. Charles Lewis, brother to the commander in chief.

Cornstalk and Blue Jacket, the two Indian captains, it is said performed prodigies of valor; but finding at length all their efforts unavailing, drew off their men in good order, and with the determination to fight no more, if peace could be obtained upon reasonable terms.

This battle of Lewis' opened an easy and unmolested passage for Dunmore through the Indian country ;* but it is proper to remark here however, that when Dunmore arrived with his wing of the army at the mouth of Hocking—he sent capt. White-eyes, a Delaware chief to invite the Indians to a treaty, and he remained stationary at that place, until White-eyes returned, who reported that the Indians would not treat about peace—and I presume in order of time, this must have been just before Lewis' battle, because it will appear in the sequel of this

**A little anecdote will prove that Dunmore was a general, and also the high estimation in which he held capt. Cresap. While the army was marching through the Indian country, Dunmore ordered capt. Cresap with his company and some more of his best troops in the rear—This displeased Cresap, and he expostulated with the Earl, who replied, that the reason of this arrangement was, because he knew that if he was attacked in front, all those men would soon rush forward into the engagement. This reason, which was by the bye, a handsome compliment, satisfied Cresap, and all the rear guard.*

story, that a great revolution took place in the minds of the Indians after the battle.

Dunmore immediately upon the report of White eyes, that the Indians were not disposed for peace, sent an express to col. Lewis to move on and meet him near Chillicothe, on the Scioto, and both wings of the army were put in motion. But as Dunmore approached the Indian towns, he was met by flags from the Indians, demanding peace, to which he acceded, halted his army, and runners were sent to invite the Indian chiefs, who cheerfully obeyed the summons, and came to the treaty—save only Logan, the great orator, who refused to come—it seems however, that neither Dunmore nor the Indian chiefs considered his presence of much importance, for they went to work and finished the treaty without him—referring I believe some unsettled points for future discussion, at a treaty to be held the ensuing summer, or fall, at Pittsburg. This treaty, the articles of which I never saw, nor do I know that they were ever recorded—concluded Dunmore's war in September, or October 1774, after the treaty was over, old Cornstalk, the Shawanee chief, accompanied Dunmore's army, until they reached the mouth of Hocking, on the Ohio, and what was most singular, rather made his home in capt. Cresap's tent, with whom he continued on terms of the most friendly familiarity. I consider this circumstance as positive proof, that the Indians themselves, neither considered capt. Cresap the murderer of Logan's family, nor the cause of the war.—It appears also, that at this place, the Earl of Dunmore received dispatches from England. Doddridge says he received these on his march out.

But we ought to have mentioned in its proper place, that after the treaty between Dunmore and the Indians, commenced near Chillicothe. Lewis arrived with his army, and encamped two or three miles from Dunmore, which so alarmed the Indians, as they thought he was so much irritated at loosing so many men in the late battle, that he would not easily be pacified, nor would they be satisfied, until Dunmore and old Cornstalk went into Lewis' camp to converse with him.

Doct. Doddridge represents this affair in different shades

of light from this statement; I can only say—I have my information from an officer that was present at the time.

But it is time to remind the reader, that although I have wandered into such a minute detail of the various occurrences, facts and circumstances of Dunmore's war; and all of which as a history may be interesting to the present and especially to the rising generation: Yet it is proper to remark that I have two leading objects chiefly in view—first, to convince the world, that whoever and whatever might be the cause of the Indian war of 1774, it was not capt. Cresap; secondly, that from the aspect of our political affairs at that period, and from the known hostility of Dunmore to the American revolution, and withal from the subsequent conduct of Dunmore, and the dreadful Indian war that commenced soon after the beginning of our war with Great Britain, I say from all these circumstances, we have infinitely stronger reason to suspect Dunmore than Cresap—and I may say that the dispatches above mentioned that was received by Dunmore at Hocking, although after the treaty; yet were calculated to create suspicion.

But if as we suppose that Dunmore was secretly at the bottom of this Indian war; it is evident that he could not with propriety appear personally in a business of this kind; and we have seen and shall see, how effectually his sub-governor played his part between the Virginians and Pennsylvanians, and it now remains for us to examine how far the conduct of this man (Connoly) will bear us out in the supposition that there was also some foul play, some dark intriguing work to embroil the western country in an Indian war.

And, I think it best now, as we have introduced this man Connoly again, to give the reader a short condensed history of his whole proceedings, that we may have him in full view at once, we have already presented the reader with his circular letter, and its natural result and consequences, and also with his insulting letter and mandatory order to capt. Cresap at Catfish's camp, to dismiss his men and go home, and that the reader may now see a little of the character of this man, and understand him, if it

[F]

is possible to understand him ; I present him with the copy of a letter to capt. Reece.

“As I have received intelligence that Logan, a Mingo Indian, with about twenty Shawanese and others, were to set off for war last Monday, and I have reason to believe, that they may come upon the inhabitants about Wheeling. I hereby order, require, and command you, with all the men you can raise, immediately to march and join *any of the companies already out and under the pay of Government*, and, upon joining your parties together, scour the frontier and become a barrier to our settlements, and endeavor to fall in with their tracts, and pursue them, using your utmost endeavours to chastise them as open and avowed enemies.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

DORSEY PENTECOST, for
JOHN CONNOLY.

Capt. Joel Reece, use all expedition. May 27, 1774.

Now here is a fellow for you; a very short time before this, perhaps, two or three days, before the date of the letter, capt. Cresap, who had a fine company of volunteers is insulted, ordered, to dismiss his men and go home, and indeed, it appears from one expression in the letter, namely, “*the companies who are already out,*” that these companies must have been actually out at the very time Cresap is ordered home.

Now if any man is skilled in the art of Legerdemain let him unriddle this enigma if he can.

But as so many important facts crowd together at this eventful period, it may be satisfactory to the reader, and have a tendency more clearly to illustrate the various scenes interwoven in the thread of this history, to present to his view a chronological list of these facts, and, I think the first that deserves notice, is Connoly's circular letter which we date the 25th day of April; secondly, the two men killed in Butler's canoe, we know was the first or second day of May: thirdly, the affair at Yellow creek was on the third or fourth day of May; fourthly, the Indians killed in the canoe above Wheeling, the fifth or sixth day of May; fifthly, the skirmish with the Indians on the river Ohio, about the eighth or tenth day of May: after which

capt. Cresap returning home, raised a company of volunteers, and returned to Catfish's camp about the twenty-fifth of May. Indeed, this fact speaks for itself; it could not be earlier when it is considered that he rode home from the Ohio, a distance of about 140 miles raised a company and marched back as far as Catfish, through bad roads near 120 miles, and all agreeable to my statement, in seventeen days: then it is evident he was not at Catfish's camp sooner than the 25th of May, and if so, he was ordered home at the very time when scouts were out, and the settlement threatened with an attack from the Indians, as is manifest from Connolly's own letter to capt. Reece, dated May 27, 1774.

But the hostility of Connolly to capt. Cresap, was unremitting and without measure or decency; for on the 14th July, of the same year, we find one of the most extraordinary, crooked, malignant, Grubstreet epistles, that ever appeared upon paper—but let us see it.

Fort Dunmore, July 14, 1774.*

Your whole proceedings so far as relate to our disturbances with the Indians, have been of a nature so extraordinary, that I am much at a loss to account for the cause, but when I consider your late steps, tending directly to ruin the service here, by inveigling away the militia of this garrison by your preposterous proposals, and causing them thereby, to embezzle the arms of government, purchased at an enormous expense, and at the same time to reflect infinite disgrace upon the honor of this colony. by attacking a set of people which notwithstanding the injury they have sustained by you in the loss of their people, yet continue to rely upon the professions of friendship which I have made and deport themselves accordingly; I say when I consider these matters, I must conclude that you are actuated by a spirit of discord, so prejudicial to the peace and good order of society, that the con-

*During the government of Connolly in this place, he changed the name from Pitt to Dunmore, but subsequent events has blotted out Dunmore's name.

duct calls for justice, and due execution thereof can only check, I must once again order you to desist from your pernicious designs, and require of you if you are an officer of militia, to send the deserters from this place back with all expedition, that they may be dealt with as the crimes merit.

I am, sir, your servant,

JOHN CONNOLLY.

This letter although short, contains so many things for remark and animadversion, that we scarcely know where to begin, it exhibits however, a real picture of the man, and a mere superficial glance, at its phrasaology will prove that he is angry, and his nerves in a tremor; it is in fact, an incoherent jumble of words and sentences all in the disjunctive.

But it is a perfect original and anomaly in the epistolary line; and contains in itself internal marks of genuine authenticity.

The first thing in this letter, that calls for our attention, is the language he uses towards the people he calls "*militia deserters.*" That they may be dealt with he says as their crimes merit. Now I pray you who were those people? doubtless the respectable farmers and others in the vicinity of Pittsburg, and what does this Mogul of the west, intend to do with them—why hang them to be sure for this is military law. But the true state of this case doubtless is, that these militia considered themselves free men, that they were not well pleased, either with Connolly or garrison duty, that viewing their country in danger, and their wives and children exposed to savage barbarity, preferred more active service, and joined the standard of capt. Cresap, and is this a new thing, or reprehensible, how often do our militia enter into the regular army, and whoever dreamed of hanging them for so doing.

But secondly, we say it is possible capt. Cresap did not know from whence these men came, and if he did, he deserves no censure for receiving them, & as to the charge of inveigling away the militia from the garrison, we know this must be positively false, because he was not in Pittsburg in the year 1774, either personally or by proxy.

As to the general charge against capt. Cresap, of at-

tacking the Indians, and the great injury he had done them, I need only say, this charge is refuted again, and again in the course of this history, and its unparailelled impudence especially, or the date of this letter, merits the deepest contempt. But the most extraordinary feature in this most extraordinary letter, is couched in these words, namely: "*That the Indians relied upon the expressions of friendship he made them, and deported themselves accordingly.*"

Be astonished O ye nations of the earth, and all ye kindreds of the people at this.

For be it remembered, that this is the 14th day of July 1774, when Connolly has the unblushing impudence to assert that the Indians relied upon his expressions of friendship, and deported themselves according, when at this very time—we were engaged in the hottest part of Dunmore's war, when Dunmore himself was raising an army and personally on his way to take the command, when Lewis was on his march from Augusta county, Virginia, to the Ohio, and when Cornstalk with his Indian army, was in motion to meet Lewis, and when capt. Cresap was actually raising a company to join Dunmore when he arrived.—And it was while engaged in this business, that he received this letter from Connolly.

Now, if any man can account for this strange and extraordinary letter upon rational principles, let him do so if he can—he has more ingenuity, and a more acute discernment than I have.

Soon after receiving this letter, capt. Cresap left his company on the west side of the mountain and rode home, where he met the Earl of Dunmore at his own house, and where he (the Earl) remained a few days in habits of friendship and cordiality with the family—one day while the Earl was at his house, capt. Cresap finding him alone, introduced the subject of Connolly's ill-treatment, with a view I suppose of obtaining redress, or of exposing the character of a man he knew high in the estimation and confidence of the Earl; but what effect, suppose ye had this remonstrance on the Earl. I'll tell you, it lulled him into a profound sleep—Aye—aye thinks I to myself (young as I then was) this will not do captain, there are wheels with-

in wheels, dark things behind the curtain, between this noble Earl and his subsatellite.

Capt. Cresap was himself, open, candid and unsuspecting, and I do not know what he thought, but I well remember my own thoughts upon this occasion.

But that we may as nearly as possible finish our business with Connoly, although we must thereby get a little a head of our history—yet as already remarked—we think it less perplexing to the reader, than to give him here a little and there a little of this extraordinary character.

We find then that in the year 1775, Connoly finding that his sheep-skin could not cover him much longer, threw off the mask and fled to his friend Dunmore, who also, about the same time, was obliged to take sanctuary on board a British ship of war in the Chesapeake Bay, from this place i. e. Portsmouth in Virginia, Connoly wrote the following letter to col. John Gibson, who no doubt, he supposed possessed sentiments somewhat congenial with his own, it happened however that he was mistaken in his man, for Gibson exposed him, and put his letter into the hands of the commissioners who were holding a treaty with the Indians.

But let us see this letter, it is dated Portsmouth Aug. 9, 1775.

Dear Sir :—I have safely arrived here, and am happy in the greatest degree at having so fortunately escaped the narrow inspection of my enemies, the enemies to their country's good order and government. I should esteem myself defective in point of friendship towards you, should I neglect to caution you to avoid an over zealous exertion of what is now ridiculously called Patriotic spirit, but on the contrary to deport yourself with that moderation for which you have always been so remarkable, and which must in this instance tend to your honor and advantage, you may rest assured from me, sir, that the greatest unanimity now prevails at home, and the innovating spirit among us here is looked upon as ungenerous, and undutiful, and that the utmost exertions of the powers in government (if necessary) will be used to convince the infatuated people of their folly.

I would I assure you sir, give you such convincing proofs of what I assert, and from which every reasonable person may conclude the effects, that nothing but madness could operate upon a man so far as to overlook his duty to the present constitution and to form unwarrantable associations with *enthusiasts* whose ill timed folly must draw down upon them inevitable destruction—his lordship desires you to present his hand to capt. White-eyes* and to assure him, he is sorry he had not the pleasure of seeing him at the treaty, (a treaty held by Connoly in his name,) or that the situation of affairs prevented him from coming down.

Believe me dear sir that I have no motive in writing sentiments thus to you, further than to endeavor to steer you clear of the misfortunes which I am confident must involve, but unhappily too many. I have sent you an address from the people of G. Britain to the people of America, and desire you to consider it attentively, which will I flatter myself convince you of the idleness of many determinations and the absurdity of an intended slavery.

Give my love to George, (his brother, afterwards a col. in the revolutionary war,) & tell him he shall hear from me, and I hope to his advantage. Interpret the enclosed speech to capt. White-eyes, from his lordship. Be prevailed upon to shun the popular error, and judge for yourself, as a good subject, and expect the rewards due to your services, I am, &c.

JOHN CONNOLY.

The enclosed speech to White-eyes we shall see in its proper place. After we have finished our business with Connoly, it seems then that either a mistaken notion of his own influence or greatly deceived by his calculations on the support of col. Gibson, his brother and friends, or in obedience to the solicitations of his friend Dunmore, he undertakes (incog) a hazardous journey from the Chesapeake bay to Pittsburg, in company if I recollect right with a certain Doct. Smith, but our dutch

*A Delaware Indian chief.

republicans of Frederick-town, Maryland, smelt a rat seized, and imprisoned him in limbo, from whence he was removed to the Philadelphia goal, where we will leave him a while to cool, but let us now look at these two characters: Connoly uses every effort to destroy us and subvert our liberties, and Cresap marches to Boston with a company of riflemen to defend his country, if their men's actions afford us the true and best criterion to judge, of their merit or demerit, we can be at no loss to decide on this occasion.

Nor can there be any doubt that this man so full of tender sensibility and sympathy for the sufferings of the Indians, when arrested with his colleague, Smith in Frederick, had a pondorous box full of fire-brands, arrows and death, to scatter among the inhabitants of the west.

But it is probable the reader as well as the writer, is weary of such company—we therefore bid him adieu, and once more attend his excellency, the governor of Virginia, whom we left, I think on board a British sloop of war, in the Chesapeake bay, and to avoid confusion in our narrative, took up Connoly and have been so long paying our respects to him, as almost to have forgotten the Earl.

The reader has not forgotten we presume, that we long since stated it as our opinion, that it was probable, and that we had strong reasons to believe, that Dunmore himself from political motives, though acting behind the scenes, was in reality at the bottom of the Indian war of 1774.

We have already alluded to several circumstances previous to, and during that war; but we have in reserve several more evinsive of the same fact, subsequent to the war.

It may be remembered, that at the treaty of Chillicothe, it was remarked, that some points were refered for future discussion at Pittsburg, in the ensuing fall. and it appears that a treaty was actually held by Connoly, in Dunmore's name, with the chiefs of the Delaware, and some Mingo tribes in the summer ensuing, and this is historically a fact, and matter of record, which I extract from the minutes of a treaty, held in the autumn of the same year with several tribes of Indians, by commissioners.

+ Pandora's

from the Congress of the U. S. and from Virginia.*

But to understand this perfectly, the reader must be informed that previous to this treaty, capt. James Wood afterwards governor of Virginia, was sent by that state as the herald of peace, with the olive branch in his hand to invite all the Indian tribes bordering on the Ohio and its waters, to a treaty at Pittsburg, on the 10th day of September following. Capt. Wood kept a journal, which is incorporated in the proceedings of the treaty, from which journal I copy as follows : July the 9th, I arrived (says he) at Fort Pitt, where I received information that the chiefs of the Delaware's and a few of the Mingo's had lately been treating with maj. Connoly agreeable to instruction from lord Dunmore, and that the Shawanese had not come to the treaty, &c.

Capt. Wood however acknowledges in a letter he wrote to the convention of Virginia from this place, that this treaty held by Connoly was *in the most open and candid manner, that it was held in the presence of the committee, and that he laid the governor's instructions before them.* Very good. But why these remarks respecting Connoly and Dunmore, does not this language imply jealousy and suspicion, which capt. Wood, who certainly was deceived, was anxious to remove? but to proceed, he says :

July 10, White-eyes came with an interpreter, to my lodging, he informed me he was desirous of going to Williamsburgh with Mr. Connoly to see lord Dunmore, who had promised him his interest in procuring a grant from the king for the lands claimed by the Delawares, that they were all desirous of living as the white people do, and under their laws and protection; that lord Dunmore had engaged to make him some satisfaction for his trouble in going several times to the Shawanee towns, and serving with him on the campaign, &c. &c.

* *The original minutes of this treaty, are in my possession, it was presented to me by my friend, John Madison, secretary to the commissioners, with I think this remark, that it was of no use to them; but might be of some to me.*

He told me he hoped I would advise him, whether it was proper for him to go or not. I was then under the necessity of acquainting him with the disputes subsisting between lord Dunmore and the people of Virginia, and engaged whenever the assembly met that I would go with him to Williamsburgh, &c. &c. He was very thankful and appeared satisfied.

The reader must observe this is July the 10th, 1775, and he will please to refer to page 66, he will see from Connoly's letter of Aug. 9th, how much reliance was to be placed on his candor and sincerity, as stated by capt. Wood to the convention on the 9th day of July, thus we find that about thirty days after capt. Wood's testimony in his favor; Connoly threw away the mask and presents himself in his true character, and from his own confession and the tenour of his letter to Gibson, it is plain that the current of suspicion ran so strongly against him that he declared himself "*most happy in escaping the vigilance of his enemies.*"

We owe the reader an apology for introducing this man again, but the fact is, that Dunmore and Connoly are so identified in all the political movements of this period, that we can seldom see one without the other, and Connoly is the more prominent character, especially in the affairs of west.

But we now proceed with Capt. Wood's Journal, he tells us that on the 20th July, he met Garret Pendergrass about 9 o'clock, that he had just left the Delaware towns, that two days before, the Delawares had just returned from the Wyandots's towns, where they had been at a grand council with a French and English officer, and the Wyandots—that Monsier Bauber, and the English officer told them to be on their guard, that the white people intended to strike them very soon, &c. &c.

July 21. At 1 o'clock, arriving at the Moravian Indian town, examined the minister, (a Dutchman) concerning the council lately held with the Indians, &c. who confirmed the account before stated.

July 22. About 10 o'clock, arrived at Hochoctin, (a chief town of the Delawares,) and delivered to their council a speech, which they answered on the 23d. After ex-

+ *Coshocton*

pressing their thankfulness for the speech and willingness to attend the proposed treaty at Pittsburg, they delivered to capt. Wood, a belt and string that they said was sent to them by an Englishman and Frenchman from Detroit, accompanied with a message, that the people of Virginia, were determined to strike them, that they would come upon them two different ways, the one by the way of the lakes, and the other by way of the Ohio. And the Virginians were determined to drive them off, and to take their lands, that they must be constantly on their guard, and not to give any credit to whatever you said, as you were a people not to be depended upon, that the Virginians would invite them to a treaty, but that they must not go at any rate, and to take particular notice of the advice they gave, which proceeded from motives of real friendship.

with the

Now by compiling and collating this speech sent from Dunmore, enclosed in Connoly's letter, it will furnish us with a squinting at the game that was playing with the Indians by the earl of Dunmore and other British officers, to be convinced of which, read the following speech from Dunmore.*

"Brother capt. White-eyes, I am glad to hear your good speeches as sent to me by maj. Connoly, and you may be assured, I shall put one end of the belt you have sent me into the hands of our great king, who will be glad to hear from his brothers, the Delawares, and will take strong hold of it, you may rest satisfied that our foolish young men shall never be permitted to have your lands, but on the contrary the great king will protect you, and preserve you in the possession of them.

Our young people in this country have been very foolish, and done many imprudent things, for which they must soon be sorry, and of which I make no doubt they have acquainted you; but I must desire you not to listen to them, as they would be willing you should act foolishly with

*This speech was inclosed in a letter to Gibson.

themselves ; but rather let what you hear pass in at one ear and out of the other, so that it may make no impression on your heart. *until you hear from me fully*, which shall be as soon as I can give further information.

Capt. White-eyes will please acquaint the Cornstalk with these my sentiments, as well as the chiefs of the Mingo's, and other six nations.

Signed

DUNMORE.

It is scarcely necessary to remark here, that the flight of Dunmore from Williamburgh, of Connolly from Pittsburg, this speech of Dunmore's, and the speech of the Delawares to capt. Wood, are all nearly contemporaneous, and point the reader pretty clearly to the aspect of our affairs with the Indians at this period.—Dunmore's speech as you have it above, although pretty explicit, is yet guarded as it had to pass through an equivocal medium ; but he tells capt. White-eyes he shall hear from him *hereafter*, and this *hereafter* speech, was no doubt in Connolly's portmanteau, when he was arrested in Frederick.

But to conclude this tedious chapter, nothing more now seems necessary than to call the attention of the reader to those inferences, that the facts and circumstances detailed in the foregoing pages, seem to warrant. The first circumstance in the order of events, seems to be the extraordinary and contradictory conduct of Dunmore and Connolly, respecting capt. Cresap—they certainly understood each other, and had one ultimate end in view, yet we find on all occasions Dunmore treats Cresap with the utmost confidence and cordiality, and that Connolly's conduct was continually the reverse, even outrageously insulting him, while under the immediate orders of Dunmore himself ; secondly, we find Dunmore acting with duplicity and deception with col. Lewis and his brigade, from Augusta county.*

Thirdly, we find capt. Cresap's name foisted into Logan's pretended speech, when it is evident, as we shall

* So says Doddridge.

hereafter prove that no names at all were mentioned in the original speech, made for Logan.

Fourthly, it appears pretty plainly, that much pains were taken by Dunmore at the treaty of Chilicothee, to attach the Indian chiefs, to his person, as appears from facts, that afterwards appeared.

Fifthly, the last speech from Dunmore to capt. White-eyes, and the other Indian chiefs, sent in Connoly's letter to Gibson, to all which we may add, his lordship's nap of sleep, while Cresap was stating his complaints against Connoly, and all Connoly's strange and unaccountable letters to Cresap.

I say from all which it will appear, that Dunmore had his views, and those views hostile to the liberties of America, in his proceedings with the Indians in the war of 1774, and the circumstances of the times in connexion with his equivocal conduct, lead us almost naturally to infer, that he knew pretty well what he was about, and among other things, that he knew a war with the Indians at this time would materially subserve the views & interest of G. Britain, and consequently he perhaps might feel it a duty to promote said war, and if not, why betray such extreme solicitude, to single out some conspicuous character, and make him the scape-goat, to bear all the blame of this war, that he and his friend Connoly might escape.

CHAPTER, V.

The famous Logan Speech—examined and refuted.

It is not the smallest misfortune entailed upon the fallen sons and daughters of Adam, that the unhallowed flame of hatred and misanthropy, seems to have consumed all that milk of human kindness, benevolence and love, originally planted in the heart of man in his primeval state. Hence we find (and every days experience and a thousand facts confirm it) that one of the strongest propensities of human nature, is to search out and expose the failings of our bretheren.

A thousand good, great, and noble actions, pass in review before us daily, unnoticed, and sink into oblivion while the smallest deviation from the more rigid rules, of propriety, are presented before the public for scorn and derision.

So true it is, that we are eagle-eyed, to see the mote in our brothers eye, when behold a beam is in our own.

It is not however my business at present to enquire after the beams in the eyes of the Philosopher of Monticello and the pious doct. Doddridge, but remove if I can the mote from the eye of capt. Cresap.

He stands charged by the former, with the murder of Logan (the Indian's) family on Yellow creek, and of being infamous for his many Indian murders. Heavy charges.

And by the latter with being the cause of Dunmore's war of 1774.

These we grant are heavy charges, and supported or attempted to be supported, by witnesses of the first respectability, if then these facts can be proved and sustained, there can be no question that my client must be condemned, but may it please this honorable court and jury, (I mean all the world,) to suspend their decision for one half

hour, I hope in that time to satisfy them, that all these charges, whatever may be the blackness of their present aspect, are but the visions of fancy, the offspring of hasty credulity, and as flippant and unsubstantial as the quivering Gossamere of a summers day.

But to avoid confusion, we will take up the several counts in the indictment, in the order they stand, and devote this chapter to an examination of the charges offered by the first witness, i. e. Mr. Jefferson; and as there are, two counts in this charge—we will attend to each—in due order.

But may it please the court, it is my duty before we enter into a discussion as to the truth or falsity of the charges in the indictment, to enter my protest and file a bill of exceptions to the competency of this witness—first, because we say his residence was several hundred miles from the scene of action either where Logan's family were killed, or where and when this pretended speech was delivered—secondly because his testimony, is *hear say* testimony, and therefore, inadmissable in any legal court and which the witness himself as a lawyer will not deny—thirdly, as to the second item in his charge; we say the accuser Mr. Jefferson never saw, nor had any acquaintance with the accused capt. Cresap, nor do we believe he ever heard any man, woman or child say that capt. Cresap was a man "*infamous for his many Indian murders,*" and that if he did, it was *hear say* testimony, again, and is good for nothing.

But inasmuch as a great many respectable members of this court, are now absent and scattered all over this vast continent, and it is more than probable that they have already decided on this case on an *ex parte* hearing, I must take the liberty of entering into an argument upon the merits of the question, in hopes of obtaining a reversal of judgement.

The leading and most important fact in this case is, may it please your honors, that Logan never made any speech at all, and if he did, he told an absurd, wilful and wicked lie. But we say he never made any speech, at least not the speech in question, neither was he at the treaty of Chillicothe where it is said this pretend-

ed speech was delivered, and fortunately we have indubitable living testimony to this fact, from a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity which the reader shall see in the appendix.

But as this is the first and perhaps most important link in the chain, it is proper the reader should have it in detail.

It appears then, that while preparations, were making for the treaty of Chillicothe. in the autumn of the year 1774, Simon Girty an Indian interpreter, was sent by the earl of Dunmore to Logan's town to invite him to the treaty, that Benjamin Tomlinson, Esq. one of Dunmore's officers was then on the out guard, that as Girty was passing by him he stopped and conversed some time with him that he told Mr. Tomlinson his business, but said he did not like it, for that Logan was a surly fellow, &c.

That after the treaty had commenced, and when he was officer of the day to preserve order, he saw Simon Girty return, that a circle or ring was immediately formed around him, that Logan was not with him, nor did he come to the treaty, that John Gibson, who was in the ring, took Simon Girty aside and after conversing a little while in private, he saw Gibson go into a tent, & soon after return with a piece of new clean paper in his hand, on which was written a speech from Logan, as I stood says Mr. Tomlinson, near Dunmore's person, I heard this speech read three times, once by Gibson, and twice by Dunmore, but neither was the name of Cresap nor any other name mentioned in this speech. I then saw Dunmore, put the speech among the treaty papers.

Now here may it please the court, is a witness unimpeached and unimpeachable, and fully competent to bear testimony, who declares, first, that Logan was not at the treaty, that the pretended speech was made by Gibson, whose sensibility perhaps, was a little wounded, by the loss of this squaw, who was Logan's sister, and unhappily killed at Yellow creek, nor yet was Cresap's name in the speech.

I ask then, where shall we look, or where is the man that can unriddle this mystery, to charge this interpolation upon Mr. Jefferson, seems not fair, because, we have

an evidence of the fact; to say that it was in the original is most manifestly untrue, not only from the testimony of Mr. Tomlinson, but from the certainty that so malicious and unjust a charge against capt. Cresap in his own presence, and not only in his own presence, but in the presence of at least five hundred persons, who all well know from personal knowledge, that capt. Cresap had no more concern nor connection with the affairs at Yellow creek, than Mr. Jefferson himself. I say then, that it is impossible that it should be in the original, because, the lie would have been detected and exposed upon the spot.

^ The only rational way that occurs to my mind to solve this difficulty, is to suppose that Dunmore, or Connolly, after he joined Dunmore, with a view to throw the blame of this war on Cresap, and divert the public attention from themselves, copied this Gibson—Logan speech, and inserted the name of Cresap; and that this copy by some means came to the hands of Mr. Jefferson, if not so, there is an inexplicable secret in this business, that nothing but the light of Eternal Justice can ever develope.

Had Mr. Jefferson stopped at this point, we have ourselves hammered out an excuse for him; but what shall we say to the more dreadful charge against Cresap, of being a man "*infamous for his many Indian murders,*" it is well capt. Cresap did not live to hear this story; if he had, alas! alas! Gentle reader, I have given you an honest, complete and faithful detail of all the affairs capt. Cresap ever had with Indians, and I know that I am sufficiently acquainted with his whole history, to declare that nothing is hid, nothing behind the curtain; where then, do we find, in all his proceedings against these people any one fact or circumstance, that will warrant such a charge as this; and I beseech you, where in the name of common sense of justice, mercy, truth, or that common civility due from man to man, could our honorable ex-president find a motive, to publish to the world and all succeeding generations, a charge so odious, so detestable.

I take it for granted, that no honest historian, will record facts equivocal and doubtful, and hand them down to posterity for truth, with the imposing sanction of their

own celebrity. If then, Mr. Jefferson had heard stories of capt. Cresap, (which we are under the impression he never did,) yet if he had it was vague report, unsubstantiated certainly by any evidence, because it was not true.

And I ask, what would this honorable gentleman think were we to measure to him the same measure, that he has meted to Cresap? we also have heard stories about him but as we know but little as to their truth, we let them sleep.

Yet certainly it is best for those who dwell in glass houses not to throw stones. But before we dismiss this subject, I must be permitted to return to a remark long since made; namely, that my task is extremely difficult.

To prove a negative, and especially a negative so indefinite, as not to apply to any particular or specific period is more difficult still; for instance, A charges B with stealing a horse, but does not say of whom, where nor when now, I pray you how is B to meet and refute a charge of this kind.

But again, A charges B with stealing a horse from I on the night of August the first, 1820, out of D's stable in the town of Wheeling; now in this case, a negative can be proved, because B can prove that on the first day of August, and for many preceding and succeeding days, he was in the city of Baltimore.

So here is positive proof, against positive proof, and the credibility of the witness will decide it. But the first case is the case before us. Capt. Cresap is charged with being infamous for many Indian murders; now this charge embraces his whole life, and is of that vague, shapeless and indefinite kind that it is impossible to bring testimony to bear upon it, unless we could prove where he was and what he was about every day of his life, from about ten years old, until his death.

But it is our duty and our business, to deny the charge in toto, and call upon the accuser to prove it. Here then we rest the subject, until these charges are put into some shape and specific form; we trust they will sink with all general charges of the kind, into the dark shades of obli-

tion, and where also the names and characters of the accuser and accused must shortly go.*

* *This was written in March, 1824, since which, the accuser has also gone to the accused.*

August 28, 1826.

CHAPTER, VI.

*Doctor Doddridge's Book—Charge against capt. Cresap
examined and refuted.*

Having had the honor of travelling so long with one of the ex-presidents of the United States, we part by mutual consent, and I trust in good humour, at least it is so on my part. I now turn round to face my old friend, the rev. Dr. Doddridge; and is it true that this herald of the Gospel peace, and good will to men, this son of the west, who cannot but be perfectly acquainted with the nature of savage warfare, who has I believe seen and heard and felt something of its effects; who ought not to have forgotten the efforts made by capt. Cresap to defend the frontier at this perilous season, and that among those exposed families, his father's was one, and is it I say, or can it be true, that this rev. Doctor, like another Brutus, raises his consecrated and hallowed hand to give another stab to wounded Cæsar.

And why and wherefore is this Doctor? did you think it a duty incumbent upon you as a faithful historian, to state facts of a vague, equivocal and doubtful nature, merely to swell the pages of your history, or were you of opinion that the name of a man so well known and so conspicuous a character as capt. Cresap, would embellish your discrepant narrative? But whatever may have been your motive, nothing will justify a departure from truth in a historian; for although, we were to admit that a writer is not bound to say every thing he knows respecting a character he attempts to narrate; yet he is certainly bound to say nothing at random, or what he does not know.

Doctor Beattie says, when we doubt a man's word, we have always one of these four reasons.

1st. We think that what he says, is incredible, or improbable.

Or 2d. There is some temptation, or motive, which inclines him in the present case, to violate truth.

Or 3d. That he is not a competent judge of the matter, wherein he gives testimony.

Or 4th. We doubt his veracity now — because we have known him to be a deceiver formerly.

And he says again, that of a person of whom we know nothing, modesty requires that we should say nothing, and candour at least, requires that we should say nothing abusive.

But Dr. D. not only says a great deal about capt. Cresap, of whom he never knew any thing, for I suppose he was dead before Doddridge was born; but he also violates most egregiously, Dr. Beattie's other rule, namely: by abusing him most unmercifully.

But he (Beattie,) gives us four reasons for doubting testimony, one of which, and the most innocent I believe of the four is; that the testifier is an incompetent judge of the matter wherein or whereof he gives testimony.

Now as we know, and are confident, that Dr. Doddridge has given us, to say the least, a most incorrect and uncandid statement of the cause of Dunmore's war, and of the proceedings of capt. Cresap, about the time that war commenced. Hence we will for charity's sake, attribute the incorrect statement, made by the Doctor, to a want of competency to judge, and report of facts, with which he could not in the nature of the things have any knowledge, or at least no other knowledge, than mere vague report, or perhaps vain conjecture. But what is most strange in this business, is that Doctor D. himself, acknowledges in his preface, how imperfect his acquaintance is with this part of his history.

But to proceed, Doddridge says (page 225,) *devoutly might humanity wish that the record of the causes, which led to the destructive war of 1774, might be blotted from the annals of our country*; and permit me to retort, that it is most devoutly to be wished, that a minister of the everlasting gospel, had not been the first to commit to record a string of assumed facts, upon no better authority, and

thus to register in the annals of our country, what never appeared before in any record, *most devoutly it is to be wished*, might the Doctor say, that I could some way or other have avoided, or been restrained from uttering what I do not know to be true. And I now call upon the Doctor to produce those records in the annals of our country, which he says, it is now too late to efface.

How passing strange is this; what affected sensibility for the honor of our country—when at the same time, so far as the honor of our country is involved in the cause leading to Dunmore's war—he himself—even Dr. Doddridge has used his best endeavors, by laying before the public, and the world at large, a statement of *false facts* (I have Jefferson's authority for these words.) and giving such an erroneous view of the real causes of Dunmore's war; that if the honor of our country suffers, it must be through his means, and for want of correct information.

But inasmuch, as I have in my fourth chapter given to reader what I think is a faithful and correct view of the causes leading to the war of 1774, and not from vague report, or conjecture; but from personal memory, and many records. It is therefore, I presume needless to repeat and say over again, what hath been already said and I trust, that personal knowledge of facts aided and frequently confirmed by records—will be deemed sufficient testimony to outweigh the credibility of a story, told from hearsay 50 years after all the facts and circumstances have lain buried in oblivion.

But the Doctor says, (page 266.) that a certain report of the Indians stealing horses, (which report he says, was not true)—but I say it was true, although of little importance—*yet that report, vague as it was, induced a pretty general belief, that the Indians were about to make war upon the frontier settlements; but for this apprehension there does not appear to have been the slightest foundation.*

Now all this is wonderful, passing wonderful, for either Dr. Doddridge did know, or did not know of some of the material facts connected with the beginning of the war, to wit: Connolly's circular letter, the Indians killed on Hocking, in 1773—again, the Indians killed in Butler's canoe, about the first of May, 1774. The uncer-

of hostilities between the Indians and whites in Kentucky, and the general panic among all the settlements in the Western country, and their running into forts about the last of April. Now if the Doctor knows all this, and has suppressed it—he is bound to account with the public, and the world, for such a material omission; but if he did not know these facts, most of which are matters of record, it proves to absolute demonstration, his incompetency and ignorance of the most material facts, connected with the history he undertakes to write. But his own history confutes itself; for I ask if any man in his senses can believe, that a mere idle and doubtful report of the Indians stealing horses, as he states it—would have had the effect to put a whole country at least 60 miles square, into such a panic and alarm, as to fly into forts, which we know was the fact; and we also know that the Indians as well as white people, often stole horses from our frontiers in peace, as well as war.

But that the Indians did actually steal horses from Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, at Grave creek, and Mr. Richard McMacken, a little below Wheeling, about this time, is most certain—yet this was a very inconsiderable item in the causes, leading to Dunmore's war.

Having premised thus much, we ~~cannot~~ pronounce beforehand that the Doctor's book, will not bear the scrutiny of being judged by these rules (the rules laid down by Dict. Beattie, and also, by myself,) because none of the charges he brings against capt. Cresap stand upon any better testimony than his mere *say so*, and this *say so* proof, unsupported by any direct or inferential evidence.—Hence it appears that they all originated in himself.

But we will do the Doctor ample justice, and pay him the respect of travelling, however, tedious, and irksome, or journey may be, through all his charges, taking them in the order they rise, admitting what is truth (if we find any,) and exposing and refuting what is most assuredly untrue.

The Doctor's first charge is general, and like one we have lately discussed, not susceptible of direct proof against it, to wit, *that capt. Cresap was the cause of Dunmore's war*; but he has also, superadded several specific

and direct charges which are consequently more in our power to controvert.

I believe his first specific assertion, bearing on this subject, that deserves our notice, is, that the white people shed the first blood in the war of 1774, or in other words began the war.

Secondly. He says capt. Cresap commanded the fort at Wheeling.

Thirdly. He charges capt. Cresap with the murder of two Indians in a canoe, and goes on to say, that afterward on the same day, he went down to Capteening and had battle with some more.

Fourthly. He says, col. Zane expostulated with capt. Cresap before he attacked the Indians in the canoe; but that he would not regard him.

Fifthly. He says, the massacre on Yellow creek, and battle at Capteening, comprehended all the family of Logan, meaning I suppose, that they were all killed at these two places.

Sixthly. He calls col. Lewis, gen. Lewis, and Logan, Cyuga chief; whereas, he was a Mingo, and no chief.

Seventhly. He says the authenticity of the Logan speech is no longer a subject of doubt.

Eighthly. Logan he says sent his speech in a belt of Wampum—I believe the foregoing affords us an analysis of all the general and specific charges in Doddridge's book against capt. Cresap; we shall therefore now take them up in the order they stand.

And first, as to the general charge, that capt. Cresap was the author of Dunmore's war. Now, although we have admitted, and do admit the difficulty of answering this broad, vague, and indefinite charge, yet, I trust we shall be able to offer stronger reasons against the truth of it, than he has or can produce for it.

In the first place then, we believe and are convinced, that no man,* red, white or black, ever heard of this charge before, either in English, Indian, Dutch, French,

* I am not absolutely certain, that Mr. Jefferson does not hint something like this—I have not his book before me, and it is many years since I read it.

Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew, in the whole course of about fifty years, to wit—from the year 1774 to 1824, hence we are led to the inevitable conclusion, that this charge is *bran span* new, just hatched in a parsons cap in Wells-burgh; I therefore deny the charge, and call upon Dr. Doddridge for the proof, either from certain and indisputable testimony or from any genuine record of the transactions of the day, and until he does so, I give this charge to the winds, or throw it back with all its malignity upon himself to shake off if he can.

2d. We have, however, ~~no~~ more arguments in reserve to meet and refute this charge, and I cannot but think that the candid and faithful detail I have given the reader in the fourth chapter of this work, of all the proceedings of capt. Cresap, and every ~~national~~ circumstance in connection with the Indian war of 1774—affords one of the most weighty and forcible arguments in this case.

3d. I ask, how comes it to pass that neither Cornstalk, head chief of the Shawanee tribe of Indians, nor any other chief of the various tribes who attended the treaty of Pittsburg in September of the year 1775, never once mentioned the name of Cresap as the aggressor, or cause or beginner of the war of the preceding year; and, this is the more remarkable as Cornstalk, and the Shawanee chiefs were hard pressed by the Virginia commission as to their compliance with one of the articles of the treaty of Chilicothee, and this fact happens to be matter of record—as I have before me, as already remarked, this original treaty.

Moreover it is stated by capt. Wood, that on the 25th day of July he arrived at the Seneca town, where he found Logan and several other Mingos, that they were pretty drunk and angry; that Logan repeated in plain English, how the *people of Virginia* had killed his mother, sister and all his relations, during which he wept and sung alternately. Now may we not ask how it happened, that this drunken Indian with his feelings highly excited, never once mentions the name of Cresap; and may we not further remark that this fact which happens to be matter of record, cuts like a two edged sword, not only by implication giving the lie to his pretended speech, but afford-

ing at the same time an argument, that whatsoever might be the opinion of their advocate, Dr. Doddridge, it was not the opinion of the Indians themselves, that Cresap was the cause of Dunmore's war—but enough!

And we now proceed to take up the Doctor's long list of specific charges, in the order they occur.

The first is, that the white people began the war of 1774—now it is evident, that if we were to admit its truth, it would not apply to capt. Cresap more than any other man, but interwoven and connected with the thread of his history, he appears to wish it to be understood, as applying to Cresap; but as I have already proved in my fourth chapter, not from assertion only, but from authentic documents; that this assertion is not true, and that it rests upon no better authority than the parson's ipse dixit, we need not weary the reader's patience, by multiplying arguments, or using repetition in this case.

The Doctor's second assertion is, “*that capt. Cresap commanded fort Wheeling, at the commencement of the war*”—now this charge, considered as detached from inference and consequences, would seem to mean nothing, nor have any tendency to injure the character of Cresap; but when we consider the adjuncts and inferences the Doctor designs we shall draw from this circumstance, it wears a serious aspect, because he intends we shall consider Cresap as a prowling wolf, who makes his den in Wheeling; sallying out occasionally and killing his poor sheep the Indians, and moreover, because the design of this assertion is to entirely mislead the mind of the public, as to the real fact and circumstances that accidentally led capt. Cresap to that place at all.

I have already stated in my third and fourth chapter the real and true state of this case—namely, that capt. Cresap being warned of his danger fled to fort Wheeling as a place of refuge; that he was a mere bird of passage, a transient (though I believe very welcome) guest; that he had no more right to assume the command of fort Wheeling, than a traveller who may call and tarry a night with any of you gentlemen, has to assume the command of your family and servants, and that in fact he tarried there but a few days, as he was perhaps at this time dependant upon

on the hospitality of his friend col. Zane, who was the real commandant.

4th. But the Doctor has more yet against us, and of a more serious nature, namely *that capt. Cresap, killed two Indians in a canoe.*

I have already admitted that two Indians were killed in a canoe, not by cap. Cresap personally, but two of his men, and we also admit, that some of the English red-coats were killed at Lexington by some wicked Yankees in April, 1775.

Now in the former case we have shown that it was subsequent to acts of hostility by the Indians, and at a time, when war was considered as inevitable, and as actually begun.

But in the latter case, the red-coats and the Yankees, went at it pell mell, and both were the first aggressors, yet, who ever blamed our Yankees for this? But as I have already anticipated and answered the Doctor as to this charge in my fourth chapter, I need not add any more here; but the Doctor adds, that after capt. Cresap killed the two Indians in the canoe, he went down the Ohio the same day and killed more Indians at the mouth of Capteening, so then this prowling wolf having killed two Indians *up the river*, the Doctor says, but he does not say how far up, *yet insatiable*, passed by his den and went down the river, about 15 or 18 miles the same day and killed more—now this story, contradicts itself; 'tis scarcely possible that any men could do this, without the aid of swift horses or a balloon, neither of which I suppose they had; but I have also given the reader a candid and honest statement of this fact in my fourth chapter, therefore need not repeat it again and again.

5th. But col. Zane, says the Doctor, "*expostulated with capt. Cresap about killing the two Indians;*" we deny this assertion, and call on his reverence to prove it—and not by assertion, or vague report, but positively and pointedly, because we conceive this charge, the mere offspring of malevolence, and designed to present capt. Cresap before the public in the most odious colours.

6th. He tells us, *that the massacre on Yellow creek, and the battle on Capteening, comprehended all the family of Lo-*

gan; meaning, I presume, that all Logan's family were killed at those two places; now, that several of Logan's family were killed at Yellow creek, we never heard disputed, but that any part of that family was killed at Capteening, we never heard before; and we have seen in the preceding pages of this work, that only one Indian was killed there, or in the skirmish Cresap had with the Indians on the Ohio, whether at Capteening or elsewhere is uncertain, but who this Indian was or of what family we know not nor ever heard, nor can any reason be offered why these two affairs of Yellow creek and Capteening should be thus blended together, except that the Doctor determined in some way or other to lug in capt. Cresap as one of the murderers of Logan's family.

But if we were to admit that this Indian killed at Capteening was in fact one of Logan's family, it would neither add nor diminish aught as to the innocence or criminality of the action.

The only conceivable motive for blending these two affairs of Yellow creek, and Capteening, is to give a kind of currency to the Logan speech, for we shall presently see that the Doctor himself is constrained to acknowledge, although indirectly and covertly, yet plainly enough, that capt. Cresap was not, nor had he any agency, or concern in the affair on Yellow creek.

6th. The Doctor calls col. Lewis, gen. Lewis, and Logan, a Cayuga chief, in both of which he is incorrect nor is it of any other importance, than to show a want of precision and accuracy in his history, that may lead to suspicion in matters of greater importance, and that the Doctor is mistaken in the grade of col. Lewis is most certain, because before our revolutionary war, Virginia had in her militia, no higher military grade, than count lieutenant, with the title of colonel, and that he is also mistaken, respecting his favorite, the grand Indian orator, prince Logan, appears not only from the certificate of Benj. Tomlinson, esq. but also from capt. Wood's journal.

7th. He says, the authenticity of the Logan speech, is now no longer a subject of doubt, and for fear the reader should be so unhappy, as to die without being gratified

with such a delicious feast—he gives him the whole speech.

Now gentle reader, I do most earnestly intreat your patience, while I endeavor with all simplicity to bring into your view, this crooked and unparallelled jumble of contradictions.

Let us see how this story will hang together.

1. We are told, that there is now no longer any doubt as to the authenticity of this Logan speech, and of course I presume he means to say, the facts contained in that speech, one of which most prominent facts, according to the speech as recited by himself, is that col. Cresap, the last spring in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all Logan's relations, not even sparing his women and children.

2. He says, the *massacre* at Captina, and that which took place at Bakers, about 40 miles above Wheeling, a few days after, that at Capteening, were unquestionably the sole cause of the war of 1774. The last was perpetrated by 32 men under the command of Daniel Great-hous, the whole number killed at the place, and on the river opposite, was twelve, &c. &c.

Now here is an artful, dark, and yet sufficiently explicit confession, that capt. Cresap had no concern in the Yellow creek business, or in killing Logan's relations; yet it is told in such ambiguous and indistinct terms as it should seem, purposely to deceive the reader, for instead of telling us plainly, that this affair at Bakers, was in fact, the affair of Yellow creek, and that the people that were killed there, were Logan's relations, he has put the statement of this fact into such a shape, as no doubt to have deceived his readers, with the meritorious view of saying the Logan speech, and villifying most cruelly, and unjustly the character of capt. Cresap; and what makes this suspicion stronger is, he calls the battle at Capteening, (for he will have a battle there right or wrong,) a *massacre*, whereas I have shown, and I hope satisfactorily too, that there was no more reason to call that battle a *massacre*, than Lewis' battle, at the mouth of Canawa, nor any other battle fought during the whole war—nor do I believe from every thing I have heard, although I am far

from advocating this Yellow creek business, of murdering women in cool blood—yet I say from all I have ever heard of this business, that the Doctor has given a tolerably correct and honest statement of that affair, certainly he is wrong in a most essential point, for the Yellow creek business was antecedent to that at Capteening, and is entirely distinct, and has no connection with it.

But the wonderful part of this story yet remains to be told, and it plainly comes out to be Doddridge, versus Dodridge, for first he tells us, that the authenticity of the Logan speech, is now no longer a subject of doubt, that this authentic speech gives us clear and unequivocal testimony, that col. Cresap murdered all Logan's family, at Yellow creek, not sparing his women and children.

Secondly. That this family of Logan's who were killed at Bakers, which is the same place, and same people were killed by Daniel Greathous, and 32 men, among whom he has not, and among whom, truth and his own conscience, would not permit him to name capt. Cresap—so here we have Logan in a speech, charging colone col. Cresap with killing his relations, and a Doct. Doddridge confirming the truth of that speech, with all the weight his assertion, his book and character can give it, and at the same time, in the same book, and in the same chapter, acknowledging that it was not Cresap, but Greathous, that committed the murder and massacre, at Yellow creek.

Now I ask the reader, if he ever saw an argument so much like the letter X with the Doctor stuck on each point.

But how shall we account for all this, did Doct. Doddridge believe, or did he not believe capt. Cresap killed Logan's family; if he did, and does believe it, pray who were the people killed by Greathous, and why has he not some where in his book, charged capt. Cresap with this among all his other charges, for I have no where yet discovered any disposition in the Doctor to spare him. But if on the contrary he did not, nor does not believe that capt. Cresap had any concern in this Yellow creek massacre, why does he attempt to palm the Logan speech on the public, for a genuine, authentic document. Knowing in his own conscience, that if the speech itself is authen

fic, it is an authentic record of lies, which he was bound in honor as an honest man, and in candor and veracity as a historian, to publish to the world.

8th. But as Logan was not at the treaty, Doctor Doddridge tells us, *he sent his speech in a belt of wampum*, so right or wrong, by hook or by crook, in some way or other, the Doctor must have a Logan speech.

“He sent his speech in a belt of wampum.”

Now if I am not greatly mistaken, here is one new thing under the sun, a perfect original, that the Indians use belts of wampum, and strings of wampum in their treaties, and which serve for them as records, and also generally at the conclusion of their harangues, or speeches as a kind of Amen, or confirmation, is not disputed, but a speech in a belt of wampum, unaccompanied with a message is quite a new thing; and in fact, a thing that never happens. The reader by recurring to a preceding page of this work, will see the use of belts and strings of wampum, as well ~~as~~ from the English and French officers at Detroit, the Delaware tribe of Indians, as from the said Delawares to capt. Wood, and from capt. Wood to them; but we do not find that in either instance, these belts became vocal, on the contrary they were as quiescent and silent as a dormouse.

But as the speech of the Delaware chiefs to capt. Wood, is not very long, and may serve as a specimen of Indian speeches and customs—we give it to the reader as follows:

“Brothers the Big-knife,—

“Your brothers, the Delawares, are very thankful to you for your good talk yesterday; and are glad to find their brothers’ hearts are good towards them, and they will be joyful at meeting them at the time and place you mention.

“Brothers, in order to convince our elder brothers, of Virginia, that we desire to live in friendship with them, I now deliver to you this Belt and String; they were sent to us by an Englishman and a Frenchman, [in a subsequent meeting, capt. Wood had with the Wyandots, they deny that the French had any concern in this business, but that it was the English only] at Detroit with a message

that the people of Virginia were determined to strike us, that they would come upon us two different ways, the one by the Lakes and the other by the Ohio, and that the Virginians were determined to drive us off, and to take our lands, that we must be constantly on our guard, and not give any credit to whatever you said, as you were a people not to be depended upon, that the Virginians would invite us to a Treaty, but we must not go at any rate, and to take particular notice, of the advice they gave, which proceeded from motives of real friendship and nothing else."

They then delivered the belt and string received from Detroit.

I trust, the reader now sees and understands the use made by Indians, and those concerned in Indian affairs of belts wampum, they are amongst these people, significant symbols of peace and war, and commemorative of conditions and articles of treaty.* But to send a speech in a belt of Wampum unaccompanied with a message, is a thing never known.

We find the message from Detroit to the Indians, accompanied with a belt and string of black wampum, this was significant and agreeable to Indian customs, and denoted war.

We find also, capt. Wood declines a string of white wampum: this we know was emblematical of peace and good will.

I have taken more pains to illucidate this subject, than perhaps was necessary. But as it was the last fibre of the Doctor's cobweb, I thought it best with the brush of plain simple honest truth—to dash it all away together.

But before I dismiss the Doctor, and conclude this chapter, may we not ask this sensitive, this tender hearted and noble champion, and defender of the Indians, where was his sympathy, for the christian Delaware Indians that were massacred in cold blood by hundreds; it is true; he speaks with horror of the action, but finds an apology for the perpetrators—be it so—I feel no wish to disturb the ashes of the dead, or irritate old sores that time and oblivion have buried, and only mention the circumstance to show with what avidity he seized every idle report to

aid him in consigning to infamy and detestation, a character which duty, gratitude, and the best feelings of the noblest mind, ought to have urged him rather to eulogize, it is remarkable that Doct. Doddridge closes his chapter on the massacre of the Moravian Indians, in the following words, i. e. that the names of these murderers, should not stain the pages of history—from his pen at least—page 265.

Alas sir, what have you done, you have used your best endeavors to hand down to succeeding generations, the name and character of a man with whom you had no acquaintance as the most odious, the most detestible, and so far as your book and influence extends; you no doubt intended they should have this effect.

In the name then of that awful being whose minister you are thought to be, in the name of truth, justice & mercy, I ask what reparation, what atonement can you make, not to the manes of capt. Cresap only, but to his large, extensive and respectable family, who never did nor ever wished to injure you.

CHAPTER, VII.

Concluding scenes of capt. Cresap's life—marches to Boston—taken sick in camp—makes an effort to get home—dies at New York.

As a traveller worn down with weariness and fatigue, looks forward with joyful and pleasing anticipations of ease and rest at his journey's end, so my weary hands and aching head, are cheered as they approximate the end of toil and labor, now full in view.

Although we have repeatedly mentioned the name of capt. Cresap, on various occasions in the course of our history, yet we left him personally at the conclusion of our third chapter, to which the present may properly be considered as a supplement.

It was there stated, to wit, in the third chapter, that capt. Cresap was engaged at the commencement of Dunmore's war in improving lands on the Ohio, that being driven by the hostile attitude of our affairs with the Indians from the business he was engaged in—he took an active part in that war, and never after attended to his own business until after its conclusion.

But the concluding scene however of this story, this chequered drama of life, remains yet to be told.

After the treaty of Chillicothe, and the army was disbanded, captain returned to his family, and spent the latter part of the autumn of 1774, and succeeding winter in repose in his domestic circle, a thing by the bye not very common with him.

But very early in the spring of 1775, he hired another set of young men, and returned to the Ohio, with the view of finishing the work he had commenced the year before, nor did he stop at this time at his old station on that river,

but descended with a part of his hands as low as Kentucky, where he also made many improvements, but being indisposed he left his hands and started for home, however this eventful period scattered again all his golden dreams as we shall presently see. American blood was shed, the battle of Lexington had taken place and all America was in a flame, congress had met, conventions were formed, and committees were appointed in every section of the country—and a letter was addressed by the delegates from Maryland in congress, to the committee of Frederick county requesting them with all convenient speed to raise two companies of rifle men, &c.

But as this letter is an important document, and naturally leads the mind back and gives us a view into those times, that tried men's souls, and moreover as I am not sure that it has a place in any record, I give it to the reader at full length.

Philadelphia, June 15, 1775.

GENTLEMEN—We enclose you a resolution of Congress for raising two* companies of riflemen, two of which in our own province, it is thought this small body of men, all of which we expect to be expert hands, will be more serviceable for the defence of America in the continental army near Boston, you will please to observe the men are to be enlisted for one year, unless the affairs of America will admit of their discharge before that time; it is left to the delegates of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia to fall on such measures as may appear most likely to get the companies quickly formed and on their march.

The gentlemen of Pennsylvania and Virginia write as we do, to the committees of the counties, where it is most likely the best men may the soonest be had, and for the convenience of having the whole end on all events on the same day, have agreed the year shall finish on the first day of July, 1776, as we suppose the enlistments will begin about the first day of next month.

The committee of your county, it is expected will give

* It is two in the original, but it ought to be six.

commendatory certificate of the officers for their respective places and ranks, and the commissions can be made out accordingly under the direction of congress. The companies as soon as formed, will march forward to Boston with all expedition, and it is unnecessary that there should be a rendezvous of all the company at any one place, before they get to the camp, you will doubtless, if possible, get *experienced officers, and the very best men, that can be procured, as well from your affection to the service, as for the honor of our province*; we hope it will appear to you as to us prudent, to get the men as far back as may be, not only because there is a fair chance of their being as good as any others, but that those whose situation will permit, may be left at hand, to act in our own province, if unhappily there should be occasion, unless you should be advised time enough of a different provision. You will direct the captains to give certificates of their necessary expenses incurred on the way for subsistence. The Virginia and Pennsylvania captains, will, if necessary do so too.

We shall expect to be advised from time to time of the success of your endeavors, or any difficulty you may meet with; we have wrote to you only on this subject, thinking the whole may be best executed in your county; but if you are likely to meet with any embarrassment, we should be glad you would speedily consult the committee of Baltimore, who may probably be able to render you some assistance.

We are gentlemen,

Your most obdient servants,

MATTHEW TILGHMAN,

THOMAS JOHNSON, Jr.

JOHN HALL,

ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH,

T. STONE,

WILLIAM PACA,

SAMUEL CHACE.

To the Committee of Frederick county, Maryland.

In consequence of this resolve of Congress, and letter from the Delegation of Maryland, the committee of Frederick, immediately appointed capt. Michael Cresap and

Thomas Price of Frederick town, captains to command these two rifle companies, and as soon as this was known, I was dispatched in all haste to give capt. Cresap notice of this appointment, and met him in the Allegany mountain on his way as I have already remarked, he had left his hands and business through indisposition, and was making homewards.

When I communicated my business and announced his appointment, instead of being elated, he became pensive and serene as if his spirits were really depressed, or as if he had a pre-sentiment, this was his death warrant, he said he was in bad health, and his affairs in a deranged state, but that nevertheless, as the committee had selected him, and as he understood also, (from me) that his father had pledged himself, that he should accept of this appointment, he would go let the consequences be what they might. He then directed me to proceed to the west side of the mountains, and publish to his old companions in arms, this his intention; this I did, and in a very short time collected and brought to him at his residence in Old Town, about twenty two as fine fellows as ever handled a rifle, and most if not all of them completely equipped with rifles, &c. &c. Soon after these men joined his company, he marched, and bid, alas! a final farewell to his family.

The immense popularity of this "*infamous Indian murderer,*" will appear not only from the circumstance of more than 20 men marching voluntarily nearly 100 miles—leaving their families and their all, merely from a message sent by a boy, to join the standard of their old captain, and that too, from the very country where, if his name was odious, it must be most odious, as being in the vicinity of those dreadful Indian murders.

But the high estimation in which capt. Cresap stood with his fellow-citizens, who certainly knew him best, will appear further, from the fact, that while he was passing through the lower end of the county in which he lived, his company increased and swelled, to such a multitude, that he was obliged, daily, to reject many men that wished to join his company; and I think there is no question but that he could have raised a regiment, merely and chiefly from his personal influence, in less than two

months—and I am clearly of opinion, that no other individual in the state of Maryland, could, at that period, have raised as many men, as himself.

And as a further proof of public sentiment at this period, which happens to hang upon the very heels of Dunmore's war, I add a few lines, extracted from a letter, written to capt. Cresap, by John Cary, a respectable citizen of Frederick-town. Mr. Cary after speaking of some private business, concludes his letter, in the following words :

" You, and your brother soldiers, have relieved us in one quarter, and our own virtue, joined with yours, is like to relieve us in the other. I wish you prosperity and happiness, and am

" Your's &c.

[Signed.]

JOHN CARY.

" Frederick, April 11, 1775."

The reader will permit me to remark here, that at this period, viz : immediately after the conclusion of Dunmore's war, no individual, great or small, friend or enemy, ever said, or heard it said, either that capt. Cresap murdered Logan's family, or was infamous as an Indian murderer, or that he was the cause of Dunmore's war.—The two first of these charges appeared first in Mr. Jefferson's Notes, how many years after their pretended date, I do not recollect. The third was hatched by Doct. Doddridge, in the hot bed of ignorance and prejudice, about fifty years after Dunmore's war.

Please pardon this digressiou, and we proceed.

With this first company of Riflemen, although in bad health, capt. Cresap proceeded to Boston, and joined the American army under the command of Gen. Washington, but at length admonished by his declining health, and feeling in himself, no doubt, serious forebodings of its consequences, made an effort to reach home, but finding himself too ill to proceed, stopped in the city of New-York, where he ended his earthly career, on the 5th day of October, 1775, having lived a little more than 33 years.

Thus are we led to the concluding scene of capt. Cresap's life, than whom no man, considering the short peri-

of his existence, ever did more for his country, and few men, since the mad-caps of Greece and Rome, have been so shamefully abused, and so ungreatfully treated. Capt. Cresap not only sacrificed his life in defence of his country, but all his lands in Kentucky—and much of that in the Ohio was lost.

But we have seen, (and indubitable facts, not to be disputed, prove it,) that he died at last in the service of, and a martyr to the liberties of his country; and we are certain that his funeral was attended with the most splendid military honors; so much so, that I myself heard a gentleman say, (whether wisely or unwisely matters not) that he would not begrudge to die if his funeral could be as honorable as Cresap's.

But that no doubt may remain upon the public mind, as to the estimation in which capt. Cresap stood in the year 1775, I take the liberty of calling their attention to the letter from the Maryland Delegates, in Congress, to the committee of Frederick, and the proceedings of that committee in consequence thereof.

We must not forget the strong and emphatical injunction in that letter to the committee, to select the most experienced officers and best men that could be procured, not only that the service required it, but that the honor of the state would also be identified with this appointment. And what was the result? Did this respectable committee of Frederick, with this injunction before their eyes, and the honor of the state in their hands, appoint a man infamous as an Indian murderer—as the principal instrument and cause of the Indian war of the preceding year—yea, the murderer of the helpless women and friends of Logan, in cold blood? Did this committee, I say, appoint such a man as this, to the most distinguished and honorable station, in a military view, then in the gift of the state of Maryland? Can any man in his sober senses believe this? If they do, they must believe that the county of Frederick, certainly, if not the whole state of Maryland, was composed of characters, the most detestable, if the best man among them was an infamous murderer.

Were Cresap's accusers and defamers aware of this, did they intend this stigma, should rest not only on Fre-

derick county, but the state at large, and indeed in some degree upon every military officer in Maryland, because as already remarked capt. Cresap was the very first captain appointed in that state.

I ask a Smallwood, a Gist, a Howard, a Smith, a Williams, (Williams was lieutenant to capt Price) how they relish the idea of such a character, being preferred before them, or what is tantamount if he had lived and continued in the army, he must, according to seniority and I hope I may now say without a blush, according to merit, also,) have filled the first station and highest grade in the Maryland line. This is abundantly evident, from the fact that Rawlings, who was Cresap's lieutenant, commanded the rifle regiment that made such havoc among the Hessians who attacked Fort Washington in 1776, thus we find his lieutenant was promoted to a regiment in less than a year after capt. Cresap's death. Again Williams, who was Price's lieutenant, obtained the rank of Brigadier General before the war was over.

When the nature and date of these facts are considered and contrasted with the loose, and quite recent date * of the guess work. Malevolent, unsupported and vague charges against the character of capt. Cresap, it must appear I think to all men, that what ever had been the motive, or with what view, or to whatsoever end, these charges were laid before the public, yet they certainly rest upon no better foundation than the baseless fabric of a vision.

We may also add, if any additional evidence is necessary to demonstrate the high estimation in which capt. Cresap stood in the year 1775, that while on his march through Frederick county, Maryland, and through all the different states, cities, towns and villages, on his way to Boston, he was hailed, caressed, and honored, in the highest degree, the citizens vying with each other, who should show him most respect, indeed so much so, that I

**I do not exactly know the date of Mr. Jefferson's notes, but am certain they were written after this period.*

was informed by one of his officers, that it was his opinion, that this unremitting scene of feasting and hilarity shortened his days.

CHAPTER, VIII.

Recapitulation, or condensed view of the whole work to assist the reader's memory.

In my introduction, as I conceived it would be satisfactory to the reader, I have given a brief sketch of my connexion and acquaintance with capt. Cresap, and the Cresap family, to evince from matter of fact, and substantial reason, my competency, (so far as a knowledge of fact was conceived,) to discharge with truth and fidelity the work I undertook, and this point I trust is certainly gained.

My first chapter has much about the same relation to the subject and nature of my history, that a corps of pioneers has to an army, namely to clear away the brush and rubbish, but who are not designed to render any efficient service, in the ranks.

I have however presented the reader with a few hints as to the habits, customs and manners, of our citizens in 1774, 5 and 6, related, also, a few interesting anecdotes and especially called his attention to the peculiar providence that tied the hands of our enemies, until the proper time was come, &c.

My second chapter being a catalogue of names, the reader after he has satisfied his curiosity in running over the little interesting sketch of the life of old col. Cresap, may if he pleases, leave all the rest to examine when he has leisure.

My third chapter is short, contains little more than a brief view of the juvenile days of capt. Cresap, it is however in some degree the Key to the whole work, because it leads us to the cause and motives that led capt. Cresap to the Ohio in the spring of the year 1774.

My fourth chapter contains the body, nerves and sinews of my book, in this chapter, we are led to view many and important facts connected with Dunmore's war.

~~In preceding pages~~ the reader has a view into the precarious state of the western country, the hostile attitude of our affairs, with the Indians, and the slender thread of a dubious peace.

~~In a preceding page~~ the earl of Dunmore is introduced as suspected of combining his own influence, with predisposing causes, not only to set the Virginians and Pennsylvanians by the ears, but by artful and indirect means, provoking a war with the Indians.

Arguments are adduced to prove the first, and circumstances produced to beget strong suspicion of the latter, and to illucidate these two important points, I have devoted several pages.

But especially as to the latter, i. e. the cause we have to suspect Dunmore as being concerned in producing the Indian war of 1774; we mentioned as the first item, in our list of suspicious circumstances; a circular letter from Dr. Connolly, his sub-governor, and confidential agent at Pittsburgh, warning the inhabitants to be on their guard,* &c. this letter I have applied as it ought to be applied, namely, to the justification of capt. Cresap, and every other person that considered it, the herald and proclamation of war, and also as implying suspicion that it was designed to accelerate and make certain, what was at the time only squally and threatening.

This letter with the confirmatory messages as related in this chapter, I am now analyzing; brought up capt. Cresap from some distance down the Ohio river to Wheeling, and in conjunction with other facts and circumstances, laid the foundation and was in fact the real cause of all the subsequent proceedings of capt. Cresap with the Indians, which is given in detail as they occurred.

I have also led the reader with maj. McDonald and his

** I must regret that I cannot lay my hands on this letter, but I not only recollect it; but recollect its motive and contents, nor does the truth of this letter and its effects, rest on my testimony only, Doct. Wheeler says the same.*

little army to Wappatomache on the Muskingum, and to the end of that campaign;—then presented him with a view of col. Lewis and his fine body of western Virginians encamped at the mouth of Big Kanaway, and the sanguinary battle at that place.

Also, with the northern wing of the army under Dunmore in person, their march to the Scioto; treaty with the Indians, and conclusion of the war. But I have interwoven throughout the course of this narrative, several circumstances implying suspicion that Dunmore and Conolly, were often moving ostensibly one way and covertly another, and as an argument evincive and confirmatory of this fact, we are led to a view of them naked and without a covering in the concluding scene of the drama, nor need we thank them that it was not to the people of the west a most direful tragedy.

I have in my fifth chapter, taken up, examined, exposed and refuted the famous Logan speech, and proved by the most respectable and indisputable testimony, that it is a mere counterfeit, and even that counterfeit, base as it is, is still more base and detestable, from the malignant interpolation foisted in, to serve no earthly purpose, but to blacken the character of a most valuable and distinguishable citizen.

O ye philosophers, orators, poets, and scribblers, how little, how contemptible do you feel, and should you feel—after bandying about from north to south, and from south to north again, this speech; after sporting with the name and fame of a man you never knew, and who, if alive, would chastise you as you deserve. How must you feel to be told, and have it proved in your teeth, that your Logan speech, your fine specimen of Indian oratory is a lie, a counterfeit, and never in fact had any existence as a real Indian speech; no doubt, col. Gibson, if alive, must be highly delighted with the compliment you pay him, and truly diverted at your credulity.

But bark on gentlemen, we know that fiests may with impunity bark at a dead lion.

My sixth chapter is devoted to an indispensable but very unpleasant subject, and I cannot but express my regret, that truth and justice compels me to handle rather

oughly a man I always esteemed. Doct. Doddridge for some cause to me inexplicable, has thought proper in a book he has lately published to introduce the name and name of my friend capt. Cresap, who has now been dead something more than fifty years, and to load his memory with many atrocious and scandalous crimes, and knowing, as I do from personal knowledge that every item in his long list, worth notice, is either not true, or if true, so distorted, misrepresented, and falsified in their colouring as to be actually untrue. I have therefore as the most conspicuous as well as most compendious method, dissected, and analyzed his various charges, and I trust, satisfied a candid public that Dr. Doddridge, and his book, to the contrary notwithstanding, capt. Cresap is entirely innocent of every charge against him.

For shame Doctor—you know the good book says “thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor;” but this witness of yours is the more malignant and permanent in its kind, as you have embodied it in your book, with a view to send it down to all succeeding generations.

My seventh chapter concludes the short, eventful and active life of capt. Cresap, after marching a company of riflemen to Boston, he is taken sick in camp, gets worse, sets off for home, and reaches New-York, where he dies, and is buried with military honors.

And here I advance an argument, which I conceive conclusive and incontrovertible, that the very circumstance of his appointment to the command of this company, is the strongest possible evidence of the high estimation in which he stood with his fellow-citizens at that period, to wit: in June 1775—and that as he died in less than four months after this date—and as his ashes has been honored, and permitted to repose in peace for many years—is it not strange, and one of those mysteries, that reason searches in vain for a cause, why they should be disturbed at this late period.

May I not be permitted to say, that no benevolent heart, no heart in which is one drop of the milk of human kindness, that has either father or mother, brother or sister, wife or children, could or would—we should naturally suppose, merely for the sake of deformation, even ad-

mitting they had truth on their side, wish to wound the feelings of honorable and surviving relatives, merely to pour contempt and contumely upon the ashes of the dead but how much worse, how much stronger the case, when the devoted victim is an honest man.

And here I close my book, bidding adieu I expect forever, at least in this world, to all capt. Cresap's accusers, calumniators and enemies—and pray God to forgive them, and that no unhallowed hands or tongues may disturb their ashes, some ten or twenty, or fifty years after they are dead.

APPENDIX.

The first witness we introduce, is Benjamin Tomlinson, Esq. who is still living, a man universally respected, and whose testimony no man dare to call in question—it is given by way of interrogatory.

Ques. 1st. What number of Indians were killed at Yellow creek?

Ans. Logan's mother, younger brother, and sister, who was called Gibson's squaw, this woman had a child half white, which was not killed.

Ques. 2d. Do you recollect the time and circumstances of the affair at Yellow creek?

Ans. Yes, the time was the third or fourth day of May, 1774, and the circumstances were, that two or three days before these Indians were killed at Yellow creek, [the reader has not forgotten, that this is precisely what I say in my fourth chapter, and the more gratifying to me, as I had not Mr. Tomlinson's certificate then before me.] by the whites, two men were killed and one wounded in a canoe belonging to a Mr. Butler of Pittsburg, as they were descending the Ohio river, near the mouth of Little Beaver [Little Beaver and Yellow creek are not far apart.] and this canoe was plundered of all the property, and moreover, about this time the Indians were threatening the inhabitants about the river Ohio; [this I state in my fourth chapter also, and confirm it by Connolly's letter or proclamation,] and I was also informed they had committed some depredations on the property of Michael Cresap. I assisted in the burial of the white men killed in Butler's canoe.

Ques. 3d. Who commanded the party that killed the Indians at Yellow creek, and who killed those Indians? Do you know?

Ans. The party had no commander. I believe Logan's brother was killed by a man named Sappington; who killed the others I do not know, although I was present but this I well know, that neither capt. Michael Cresap nor any other person of that name was there, nor do I believe within many miles of the place.

Ques. 4. Where was Logan's residence, and what was his character?

Ans. I believe his residence was on Muskingum; his character was no ways particular, he was only a common man among the Indians, no chief, no captain.

Ques. 5th. Where and when did Logan die?

Ans. To this Question, I answer that I do not know when nor where Logan died. But was informed by Esquire Barkley of Bedford, that he became very vile, that he killed his own wife, and was himself killed by her brother. I am however, certain he did not die until after Dunmore's treaty, on the Scioto.

Ques. 6th. Was Logan at the treaty held by Dunmore with the Indians at camp Charlotte, on Scioto? did he make a speech, and if not, who made a speech for him?

Ans. To this question I answer—Logan was not at the treaty, perhaps Cornstalk the chief of the Shawannee nation, mentioned among other grievances, the Indians killed on Yellow creek; but I believe neither Cresap nor any other person, were named as the perpetrators; and I perfectly recollect, that I was that day officer of the guard and stood near Dunmore's person, that consequently saw and heard all that passed; that also two or three days before the treaty, when I was on the out-guard, Simon Girty who was passing by, stopped with me and conversed—he said he was going after Logan, but he did not like his business, for he was a surly fellow—he however, proceeded on, and I saw him return on the day of the treaty, and Logan was not with him; at this time a circle was formed and the treaty begun, I saw John Gibson on Girty's arrival, get up and go out of the circle and talk with Girty, after which he (Gibson) went into a tent and soon after returning into the circle, drew out of his pocket a piece of clean new paper, on which was written in his own hand writing—a speech for and in the name

of Logan. This I heard read three times, once by Gibson, and twice by Dunmore; the purport of which was, that he (Logan) was the white man's friend, that on a journey to Pittsburg to brighten this friendship, or on his return from thence, all his friends were killed at Yellow creek, that now when he died who should bury him, for the blood of Logan was running in no creatures veins:—but neither was the name of Cresap, or the name of any other person mentioned in this speech. But I recollect to see Dunmore put this speech among the other treaty papers.

Ques. 7th. If Logan was not at the treaty, and made no speech, pray from whence came, and who was the author of that famous speech.

Ans. In addition to what is stated above, I say there is no doubt in my mind, that, it originated altogether with and was framed and produced by col. John Gibson.

Ques. 8th. Do you recollect the names of any gentlemen who were present at the treaty.

Ans. Yes, I recollect the following persons & believe they are still alive* and live at the following places, to wit:—gen. Daniel Morgan, (Berkley county, Virginia,) col. James Wood, now governor of Virginia, capt. David Scott, (Monongahela,) capt. John Wilson, (Kentucky,) lieut. Gabriel Cox, (Kentucky,) capt. Johnson, (Youghyoughenia,) capt. James Parsons, (Moorfield,) gen. George R. Clark, capt. William Harrod, col. L. Barret, lieut. Joseph Cresap, and capt. William Henshaw, (Berkley.)

I believe most of these gentlemen are now (in 1826) dead.

Ques. 9th. Was the question as to the origin of the war discussed at the treaty.

Ans. Yes, the Indians gave as a reason, the Indians killed at Yellow creek, Whetstone creek, Beech bottom and elsewhere. But the Indians were in fact the first aggressors, and committed the first hostilities.

Ques. 10th. Were not some white men killed by the Indians, in the year 1773.

* This was on the 17th of April, 1797.

Ans. Yes, John Martin and two of his men were killed on Hockhocking, about one year before Dunmore's army went out, and his canoe was plundered of above £200 worth of goods.

I lived on the river Ohio, and near the mouth of Yellow creek, from the year 1770, until the Indians were killed at Yellow creek, and several years after, I was present when the Indians were killed, and also present at the treaty in September or October, 1774, near Chillicothe the Scioto; and certify that the foregoing statements and facts are true to the best of my recollection.

Signed, BENJAMIN TOMLINSON
Cumberland, April 17, 1797.

We now present the reader with the testimony of Dr. Wheelar, a man equally respectable, but now dead—in the same way of question and answer.

Quest. 1st. Do you know or recollect to have heard of the murder of John Martin and other Indian traders, on the Hockhocking, in 1773?

Ans. I recollect that John Martin and Guy Meadows were killed by the Indians in 1773, the former I personally knew, the latter I was acquainted with, but thought they had been killed at the mouth of Capteening.

Ques. 2nd. Do you know, or have you heard of two men that were killed, and one that was wounded in a trading Canoe, belonging to Mr. Butler, of Pittsburg, at or near the mouth of Little Beaver, by the Indians, and did you hear that the Canoe was plundered?

Ans. I heard an acquaintance say he was well acquainted with one of the men that was wounded in Butler's Canoe, but whether it was plundered or not I cannot say.

The 3rd question not being answered is omitted.

Ques. 4th. Was there not a bustle before or about the time Butler's men were killed—an express sent by Maj. Connolly, the commandant at Pittsburg, warning the inhabitants to be on their guard, that the Indians were about to strike; and had not this express a written message or circular letter?

Ans. There was a circular letter sent to the inhabitants of Redstone old Fort, by Maj. Connolly, for the purpose

warning them to be on their guard, but whether before or after Butler's Canoe was robbed I cannot tell.

Ques. 5th. Were there not about this time, to wit: a little before any Indians were killed, a general panic and uneasy apprehensions among the people on the Ohio and its vicinity, fearing daily a stroke from the Indians, and were not the people flying in all directions to forts, &c.?

Ans. To this question I can answer from experience, the Doctor lived at this time about 4 or 5 miles West of Monongahela,) and assert that it was the case.

Ques. 6th. Do you apprehend that when Capt. Cresap went down the Ohio, in 1774, it was to fight Indians or improve lands?

Ans. I can in justice say, it was to improve lands.

Ques. 7th. Was Capt. Cresap, or any of the Cresaps on Yellow Creek when the Indians were killed at that place, and where was he?

Ans. At the time the Indians were killed on Yellow Creek, Capt. Cresap was at Wheeling. Greathous killed Logan's sister at Yellow Creek.

Ques. 8th. Do you apprehend that if Capt. Cresap had not heard of Connolly's message, of the murder committed in Butler's Canoe, nor seen, nor heard of any thing hostile in the Indians, that he would ever have attacked them?

Ans. It was evident Capt. Cresap was much interested at that time in improving lands for himself, therefore, it cannot in reason be thought, he would, to his injury, have encouraged an Indian war, to the hinderance of that business and to his loss; but being well assured of the hostile disposition of the Indians, he like a man of spirit and resolution armed himself and others against their attacks.

Ques. 9th. Omitted, as it is implied and answered above.

Ques. 10th. Was Capt. Cresap a man infamous for his many Indian murders—when, where, and who were the Indians killed by him before the year 1774?

Ans. I was closely acquainted with Capt. Cresap, at the time he was over the Monongahela River, and with much assert, that he killed no Indian before the year 1774. But a little before McDonald's campaign, Capt.

Cresap went on a scout with a few men to the frontier, at which time he killed and scalped an Indian man, he had also a man named Masterson wounded in the groin, in the engagement.

Ques. 11th. If Capt. Cresap, had no reason to apprehend an attack from the Indians why did he leave his lands and business and ascend the Ohio 20 or 30 miles to the nearest place of safety, i. e. Wheeling, when he had at the same time 8 or 10 men hired at \$6 50 per month and their loss of time must have been to him a serious injury—say what you think and believe of this?

Ans. Capt. Cresap frequented my house, alias cabin on his way out and return from the frontier, and I remember his observing, the great disappointment and injury he had sustained from the hostile disposition of the Indians at that time, as it prevented his improving the lands he had taken up.

Ques. 12th. How do Indians begin their war? with Proclamations or with scalping knives?

Ans. It has been unhappily experienced, that Indians have no honor nor regular form with white inhabitants before going to war their first proclamation is gun, tom hawk and knife.

With respect to this certificate of Doct. Wheelars it proper to remark, that the interrogatories were sent him in a letter, that he himself set down the answers, and sent them back also in a letter, so that what he says is entirely his own, neither myself nor any other friend capt. Cresap being present, and this accounts for the defect as to date—his envelope being mislaid.

We now thirdly, add the testimony of gen. Minor.

I do hereby certify that I was intimately and particularly acquainted with the late capt. Michael Cresap, as well before as after the Indian War of 1774 called Du-more's war, that from that intimacy, I not only believe but am well assured that the object of his journey to the Ohio, in the spring of the year 1774 was not to fight Indians.

That after the rencounter or skirmish that took place between capt. Cresap and some Indians, on the Ohio near Grave creek, (this is Dr. Doddridg's, Capteening battle,

and Doct. Wheeler alludes to the same battle, when he says capt. Cresap killed an Indian man, and had one man wounded.) I was frequently in his company, and always when the subject of that fight was introduced, heard him say, that no man dared to charge him with making an unjust or improper attack upon Indians. And that while he the said Cresap was on the Ohio, he received a message from maj. Connolly commandant at Pittsburgh, Mr. Alexander M'Kee, and I believe col. Chroghan, giving him (Cresap) notice that he must be on his guard, that the Indians were about to strike, and manifested a very hostile disposition.

I further certify that from my long and intimate acquaintance with capt. Cresap, I believe, and am certain that he ought not, nor could not with justice and propriety be deemed a man infamous for murdering Indians, nor in any other point of view. He was it is true a good soldier and report says (which I believe) that he shot an Indian with a pistol while he (the Indian) was attempting to scalp a Mr. Welder that the Indian had killed at Old Town many years before Dunmore's war, and while Cresap was a youth.

Given under my hand this 24th September, 1800.

Signed,

JOHN MINOR, B. G.

of Militia.

Witness. Evan Gwynn, Justice of the peace for Alleghany county.

To which certificate, gen. Minor adds, that he recollects to have heard capt. Cresap speak with pointed disapprobation of the Indian massacre at Yellow creek.

I have all these original certificates by me, which any sceptical reader is at liberty to consult.

But now to conclude the whole, if I may be permitted to add my own testimony, I say that from my intimate personal acquaintance with capt. Cresap, and the most minute circumstance in his public life, all of which I have faithfully detailed in the preceding memoir, that I am as absolutely certain that he had no more concern either directly or indirectly in the murder of Logan's relations, than he had in stabbing Julius Cæsar, or cutting off Pompey's head. And that there is no more reason to stigmatize him as a

detestable Indian murderer, than Hancock, Adams, Washington and Jefferson as Rebels and Traitors, neither is there any more justice in saddling him with all the carnage, blood and awful consequences of Dunmore's war than to charge Doct. Doddridge with setting fire to the theatre in Richmond and burning the Governor of Virginia.

I have however in reserve an anecdote, which indeed at this late period may be considered rather a work of supererogation, yet as it is directly in point as to the Logan speech, and has not yet been told, I think it best the reader should have it.

Some ten or twelve years ago, in a little journey I took to the west, I called and tarried a day at Wheeling, and lodged with my old friend col. Zane, after dinner we took a walk into town, and stepped into a tavern, where several gentlemen were just finishing their dinners, we sat down and the conversation soon turned upon Mr. Jefferson's Notes; when a gentleman from New York of the name, if I recollect right, of Miller said he must continue to think that what Mr. Jefferson had said respecting Cresap's killing Logan's family was certainly true.

I replied, sir, I thought Mr. Martin had put that question to rest—he said no—sir, I have seen Mr. Martin's piece, and he has not satisfied my mind. I then said if so sir, I am happy to have it in my power to satisfy you, now upon the spot, he seemed pleased with this, and observed that he should be glad to get at the truth.

I then addressed myself to col. Zane, and said I think colonel, you know something about this business? he replied yes I do. I was here at Wheeling at the time Logan's relations were killed on Yellow creek and capt. Cresap was here also with me.


I then addressed col. Chaplaine, and said it is probable you also know something of this business, colonel? he replied, yes, I know very well for I was here, and know that capt. Cresap was also here.

I then turned to Mr. Miller and said, are you now satisfied, sir?—he replied yes, and gratified, and glad to get at the real truth—and I think I then requested him upon

On proper occasions to state the fact as he now knew it, which I believe he promised to do.

If then truth is not falsehood and facts are not lies, it must be evident from the plain and incontrovertible statement I have laid before the public of the life of capt. Cresap, that none of the many malicious and reiterated charges against him have any foundation in fact;—I can therefore, and do, confidently appeal to the world, and ask in the name of candour, justice, mercy and truth, to what particular period, to what circumstance, to what public or private act—in the life of capt. Cresap, can we point our finger, and say, “Here is the murderer of Logan’s family, or here is the infamous murderer of Indians, or here is the man that was the primary and first moving cause of Dunmore’s war, or in any way the cause of that war.”

FINIS.

 If there is any error in the foregoing narrative it is in the chronology; the author has lost or mislaid some important papers, and consequently has in some instances supplied the defect from memory, but think, he is even substantially correct in this also, and especially as in one instance he has tested his accuracy by a record.

SUPPLEMENT.

As the Author of the foregoing sketch had nothing in view but to rescue from public odium and infamy the name of and character of a friend,—he therefore turned his attention wholly and only to some remarks made by Mr. Jefferson, in his celebrated notes on Virginia, and to Dr. Doddridge's chapter on Dunmore's war.

The residue of the Doctor's book escaped his notice and attention, until his manuscript went to the press. But being now relieved from that intense application indispensable in the prosecution of his work, and other multifarious concerns, he has leisurely and attentively travelled through the Doctor's book, and must say, he is sorry to find so many things in that book that merits animadversion.

In page 101, the Doctor says, that "*those atrocious murders of the peaceable and inoffensive Indians at Captina and Yellow creek, brought on the war of lord Dunmore in the spring of the year 1774.*" Very good! but he forgets to tell us, that two or three days before this atrocious murder at Yellow creek, and several days before his assumed fact of the atrocious murder at Captina, these Indians or some other Indians, (and to retort his own language) were guilty of the atrocious murder of two or three men in Mr. Butler's canoe, near the mouth of little Beaver, almost in the neighbourhood of Yellow creek, and no doubt was the cause of that strong excitement and irritation that eventuated in the massacre at that place. But let us hear what the Doctor says himself, respecting these *peaceable and inoffensive Indians*—page 117—he tells us, "*that the Indian mode of warfare was an indiscriminate slaughter of all ages and both sexes.*"

Again, page 125, but marked in his book 132, he says, "*his uncle Teter's hunting camp was so judiciously and art-*

ully selected, that unless by the report of his gun, or the pound of his axe, it would have been by mere accident if an Indian had discovered his concealment."

So then it seems his uncle was a little suspicious of these peaceable fellows—and if the Doctor is correct in what he immediately adds, his uncle certainly acted wisely; for in the same page he (the Doctor) says—"the hunters were often surprised and killed in their camps."

But that the reader may more clearly see what peaceable fellows these Indians are, or then were, we will present him with a few more extracts from the Doctor's book—page 133, under the title of the wedding, in portraying the simplicity and rustic manners of that period—he says among other things—"that it was a custom for some of the company to take black betty, i. e. the whiskey bottle in their hands and say, here's health to the groom, not forgetting myself, and here's to the bride thumping luck and big children, this (continues the Doctor) so far from being taken amiss was considered an expression of a very proper and friendly wish, for big children, especially sons were of great importance as we were few in number, and engaged in perpetual hostility with the Indians—the end of which no one could foresee."

Again in page 139, he says, "that the early settlers on the frontiers of this country were like Arabs of the deserts of Africa at least in two respects every man was a soldier, and from early in the spring till late in the fall, was almost continually in arms, their work (he says) was carried on by parties each of whom had his rifle and every thing belonging to his war dress, these were deposited in some central place in the field—a sentinel was stationed on the outside of the fence, so that on the least alarm, the whole company repaired to their arms, and were ready for the combat in a moment."

Now from my own knowledge of the state of things in the western country at the period alluded to by the Doctor, I can add my testimony that the statement he has made is tolerably correct, yet candour compels me to say that the shades he has drawn are rather too dark, because it is not exactly true that the first settlers were engaged in perpetual hostility, if so Dunmore's war of 1774 could

have had no origin and *must have been nothing more than a continuation of pre-existing hostility, and could be in no other way distinguishable from the preceding time than by the increase of forces on each side and the fury of the combatants, and the fact I believe is that there was some short periods of precarious peace or suspension of hostilities although the people never thought themselves secure from attacks from the savages.

But admitting the dark picture the Doctor has given us, of the savage nature and conduct of the Indians to be correct, I ask, what we are to do with his bright side, he calls them "*a peaceable and inoffensive people,*" and proves it by declaring that their mode of warfare was an indiscriminate slaughter of all ages, and both sexes, that they frequently killed the hunters in their camp's, and that they were engaged in perpetual hostility with the early settlers on the frontier.

Now if this is the character of peaceable inoffensive people, I for one, should beg to be excused from residing in their neighborhood.

But it seems when the Doctor is disposed to abuse white people—capt. Cresap especially† he lays a white ground for his profile in the character of the Indians; that the reader may trace more accurately the black lines of his picture.

And visa versa, when he wishes to puff and trumpet the fame, and delineate the sufferings of the early settlers on the frontiers; why then to be sure the Indians are dreadful fellows, ferocious savages, murdering indiscriminately old and young, male and female, killing the hunters in their camps, and granting the people no respite, no peace—but war, war, unceasing hostility.

*Page 225, the Doctor says the western settlers had peace from 1764 to 1774.

† Others that are really guilty and certainly deserve the severest censure, as for instance, the murderers of Old Cornstalk and his son, and the Moravian Indians—he just brushes with a feather.

But I thank God, that however just and accurate the Doct. pencil may be in delineating those gloomy days of wars and blood, I trust the scene has changed, and is rapidly changing into circumstances vastly more congenial to the feelings and wishes of all who love peace, and whose bosoms swell with an ardent and pure desire to see our Aceldema—our world of blood, changed, revolutionized, and converted into a world of peace and love, of harmony and universal good will among men.

And that the time is come, or near at hand, when the savage yell and war hoop of an Indian shall no more be heard (to the terror of the helpless female and feeble infant) echoing through our hills. But on the contrary, white men, red men, and black men, shall sweetly unite in harmonious anthems of praise and loud hallelujahs to God and the Lamb—when our American wilderness and solitary places shall be glad, and our desert as far as the Pacific Ocean shall blossom as the rose.

But to return to the Doctor—I think it probable he will attempt to escape from the nook into which he has so unguardedly wedged himself in some way or other—but we will save him the trouble by anticipating and examining every hole and path through which he may attempt to escape.

In the first place, if he says the description he has given us of the ferocious and savage nature of Indians has reference to a period, antecedent to Dunmore's war—we meet him with his own words, who tells us that the settlement between the Monongahela and the Laurel Ridge commenced in the year 1772, and that in the succeeding year they reached as far as the Ohio River, (I think however it was one year sooner) but be this as it may, these settlements were anterior to Dunmore's war, and that he refers to the period of the first settlement of the country, he tells us himself, for he says, the *early settlers* were in a state of perpetual hostility or almost always at war with the Indians.

But only let us suppose that his meaning is, that those Indians who were killed at Yellow Creek and Captina were peaceable and inoffensive. Now supposing this to be his meaning, we answer, that although these Indians,

at this particular period, at Yellow Creek, might have had no hostile intentions, yet it is absolutely certain, as I have already remarked, that only a day or two before this affair, these Indians, or some of this party, or some other Indians, had killed two or three white men in Butler's Canoe, near Yellow Creek; and moreover, that Capt. Cresap, on whom the Doctor seems anxious to throw the whole weight of Dunmore's war, had no more concern in that business than Doct. Doddridge himself, nor was he by many miles as near the scene of action as his reverence.

Again, that Cresap may by no means escape the bitterness of the Doctor's pen, he has coupled unfairly, unjustly, and I may add contrary to all rules of propriety and candour in a historian, two things; different in their nature, and at a distance as to time, place, and circumstances.

The atrocious murder he says of the peaceable, inoffensive Indians at Yellow creek and Captina, brought on the war of lord Dunmore in the spring of the year 1774.

Now, as I have already set this affair at Captina before the reader in the clearest light, and proved that so far from being an atrocious murder, it was a regular battle, in which both parties were engaged and one man at least killed or wounded on each side—and that it was several days after the affair at Yellow creek and many miles distant from it; hence I suppose it is needless to add any thing here, to repel this deadly blow aimed at the fair fame of capt. Cresap.

But as our extreme anxiety to rescue from unmerited odium the character of a deceased friend, has led us to handle the Doctor a little roughly, we will with great pleasure eke out for him the best apology we can devise, or that presents itself to our view—and this too from himself— to wit:

In the second page of his address to his readers he says, "That the history of our Indian wars, (his own history) is in every respect quite imperfect, and that the very limited range of the war he had in view in this work is not fully accomplished, and in his next page, he adds, that the whole amount of his present memorials of this widely

extended warfare, consists of merely detached narratives—and these for the most part badly written, in many instances destitute of historical precision;” (and no doubt chronological also.)

And in the second page of his preface, he holds the same language, and says, “the want of printed documents was not the only difficulty he had to contend with, that when he travelled beyond the bounds of his own memory,”—(which I presume was no great journey) “he found it extremely difficult to procure information from the living which he wished to relate.”

Now I suppose if language has any meaning, the natural inference from all this, is that the Doctor had at best but an imperfect, partial and superficial acquaintance with the facts, or assumed facts stated in his history, and therefore without any reflection upon his veracity as an historian, we may presume he has been led into numberless errors, mistakes and even contradictions, from the incorrect, partial and mutilated testimony of incompetent and ignorant witness, and if so his errors are rather to be attributed to improper credulity than malevolence, and to negligence in not cautiously collating and examining his materials. But we must be permitted to remark, however, that after admitting the foregoing as some apology for errors and mistakes in a historian—yet it does not follow, that any man is justifiable in recording as facts, and handing them down to posterity as such—any matter or thing doubtfull in their nature and uncertain as to their truth in his own mind—and more especially when those doubtful facts and circumstances have a direct tendency to consign to perpetual infamy the character of a respectable fellow citizen.

As to any recollection the Doctor himself could pretend to have as to any matter or thing beyond the bounds of his father’s cornfield, at the period he so emphatically alludes to, to wit: 1772, 73, and 74, it must certainly be very limited and imperfect, for he was then very young.

Therefore, when his own knowledge with all its strength is combined with the information he received from others—as to the truth and certainty of the facts he records, it

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will only amount at last to mere conjecture, which the reader is at liberty to think of as he pleases.

And as it was impossible that any man could write a correct history from the materials in the Doctor's hands, he has therefore only left undone what no man could possibly do.

June 5, 1826.

CONCLUSION.

In bidding an adieu to my opponents, I would take the liberty to observe, that I am at peace with them, and all mankind, and therefore extremely regret, that what I conceived to be indispensable duty, and indeed imperious necessity over which in accordance with my feelings, I scarcely can say I had controul—I have been urged and propelled, to launch into a field quite new to me, discordant to my wishes and in good degree, varient from my habits and the general course of my pursuits.

If therefore in pursuing with a steady eye the main object I had in view, namely, rescuing from undeserved infamy the character of a friend, and the reputation of a respectable family, identified inevitably, and involved unavoidably in the attempted stigma, upon the character of one of the most brilliant and conspicuous characters of the name.

If, I say, in pursuing this object, necessity has compelled me to name some very respectable gentlemen, I hope those gentlemen, and all the world will see, that it was impossible to avoid it, for I can, and do assure those gentleman, that if any method could possibly have been thought of, or devised to defend the character of capt. Cresap, and at the same time cover them with the mantle of love, it should have been done—but as this was not possible—I must therefore entreat those gentlemen to accept as an apology, for any tart expressions, or apparent unfriendly remarks, they may discover in my work, my extreme anxiety to obliterate from the minds of my fellow citizens, those prejudices, and premature, prejudged, and erroneous opinions, they must from what they have seen

and heard, have imbibed respecting the character of the man I defend.

More especially the venerable age of our honorable ex-resident, certainly merits respect, & I can and do assure, that gentleman, that it would be more congenial with my feelings to offer him a cordial or something to exhilarate, rather than depress the spirit or wound the feelings, of an old man, with whom my own feelings, even in the absence of better motives would teach me to sympathize.

Finally—as it is possible that under a momentary impulse, I may have been led beyond the bounds of cool and dispassionate argument, if so, I beg those gentlemen pardon, and hope they will attribute it to the right motive, namely, an ardent wish to do the same thing that they themselves if placed in my circumstances, would certainly have done, i. e. to rescue from infamy the character of a highly esteemed friend.

May you gentlemen, notwithstanding all you have said and written against capt. Cresap, and all I have written in refutation of those charges, enjoy felicity and happiness in the present world, and unceasing pleasure and joy unspeakable in the world to come.

THE AUTHOR.

June 5, 1826.

The Author thinks it proper to inform the public and especially the friends of Dr. Doddridge, that notwithstanding the unjust attack of the Doctor, upon the character of his deceased friend, capt. Cresap, and his determination to refute those charges, yet being anxious to treat him personally with all possible candour, he addressed to him a letter, written as early as May last, but utterly at a loss where to direct the letter, (as he understood the Doctor had removed to the state of Ohio, and he knew not to what place,) consequently the letter was never sent; and as the Doctor is now dead, the opportunity is lost of giving him any notice of his intention.

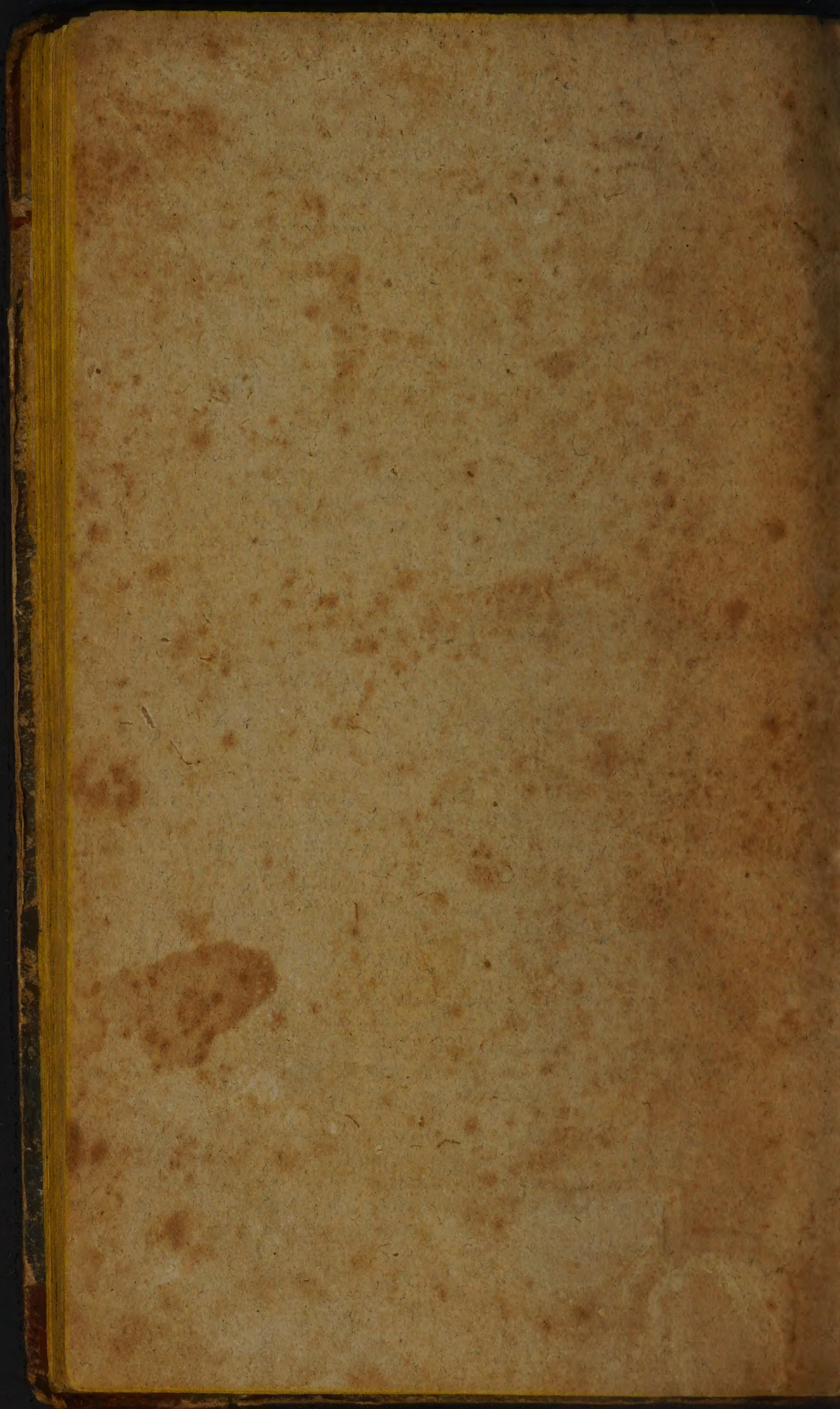
ERRATA.

- In the 2d page of the Introduction, line 5th, begin the paragraph with *I*,
 Page 13, line 11th from the bottom, for *merely*, read *mere*.
 Same page, last line, for *their* read *these*.
 Page 14, line the 14th, for *huncuffed*, read *hand-cuffed*.
 Same page, line 14th from the bottom, for *enveleped*, read *enveloped*.
 Page 15, line the 5th, for *government*, read *governments*.
 Same page, line the 15th, for *eighteenth*, read *nineteenth*.
 Page 18 last line, for *war*, read *roar*.
 do. 19, line 9th from the bottom, for *reward*, read *record*.
 do. 21, line 16th, between the words *company* & *by*, add *commanded*.
 do. 23, last line, for *lost* read *cost*.
 do. 24, line the 12th, for *melevolence*, read *malevolence*.
 do. 25, line 16th from the bottom, for *proves*, read *proved*.
 do. 26, line 9th, for *sentina*, read *sentinel*.
 do. do. line 11th, for *pappened*, read *happened*.
 do. do. line 11th from the bottom, for *vindicate*, read *irritate*.
 do. 27, line the 1st, for *recollect*, read *recollected*.
 do. 29, line the 19th, for *places* read *placed*.
 do. 30, line 5th, for *statue*, read *stature*.
 do. 31, line 2d from the bottom, for *estimated*, read *estimable*.
 do. 33 line 18th from the bottom, for *more*, read *most*.
 do. 34, line 16th, at the beginning of the 2d paragraph, leave out the word *the*.
 do. 37, line the 4th from the bottom for *untre*, read *untrue*.
 do. 38, line 11th from the bottom, for *moth*, read *mouth*.
 do. 43, chap. iv. line the 1st, for *shore*, read *short*.
 do. 47, line 3d from the bottom, for *battes*, read *battles*.
 do. 52, line 11th from the bottom, for *Prestone*, read *Redstone*.
 do. 65 line 4th, for *or*, read *at*.
 do. 69, line 13th and 14th, for *instruction* read *instructions*.
 do. 71, line 16th, for *compiling*, read *comparing*.
 do. 76, line 6th from the bottom, for *this*, read *his*.
 do. 82, the most of the three last lines are incorrect, instead of the Indians killed on Hocking in 1773. (and) again, the Indians killed in Butler's canoe, it ought to read, the white men killed by the Indians on Hocking in 1773, and the two men killed by the Indians in Butler's canoe about the first of May, 1774.
 do. 92, line the 17th from the bottom, for *declines* read *delivers*.
 do. 97, line the 10th, for *serene*, read *solemn*.
 do. 102, line 20th, after the word *conceived*, add *necessary*.
 do. 105, last line, for *deformation*, read *defamation*.
 do. 94, line 8th, after *captain*, add *Cresap*.

NOTE.—I deem it proper to state, that I was not held responsible, by the Author of the foregoing pages, for any inaccuracies which might occur in the course of the publication of the same, and he himself residing some distance from Cumberland, was unable to attend personally to the reading of the *proof sheets*.

J. M. BUCHANAN, Printer.

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